

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
For the USE of
Serious and Devout CHRISTIANS,
OF ALL
DENOMINATIONS.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN EDWARDS,
Minister of the Gospel, at Leeds, in Yorkshire.

The Redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come
with SINGING unto Zion. Isa. li. 11.

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THE
P R E F A C E.

OD IS LOVE: so saith the
bosom disciple of the God of love.
And this all the children of God
know by happy experience here;
and to praise and magnify the God of love, to
exult and triumph in the amazing greatness,
the stupendous riches of his free grace, this
will be their happy work, their joyful em-
ploy, in yon regions of glory and immortality.
Come then, my christian brethren, partakers
of like precious faith, ye ransom'd ones of
the Lord, heirs of an immortal inheritance:
Come ye saints and children of the Most
High, and thou, O my soul, let us now
begin to be sweetly engaged together in prais-
ing and adoring our redeeming God; and
with psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs,
let us sing and make melody unto the Lord,
with grace in our hearts. O sweet privi-
lege! O delightful exercise! Thus we strive
to imitate the full fraught with happiness,
the joyfully harmonious choir above, while
a 2 these

these glorified saints, with all perfect and uninterrupted delight, surround the throne of love immense, and grace rich, free, and unsearchable: We fellow heirs, though now in the infancy of grace, shall shortly be filled with the same consummation of bliss and glory: Therefore while heaven resounds with hosannas, hallelujahs, salvation, glory, honour and praises to God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the once suffering, sin atoning, but now highly exalted Lamb of God; O let us here below mix our feeble voices with theirs above: We have both the same object for our praise and adoration, the God of love; each the same cause for triumph and rejoicing, his rich, free, and sovereign grace: Why then should we not both unite in the same sweet and happy employ? O may the same dear and loving Jesus inspire our hearts, and warm our affections now, to make earth ring with the sound of his righteousness, with the triumphs of his grace, and with the melodious harmony of his praise! Jesus his worthy; he has bought us with his blood; he hath given us the earnest of our inheritance in our hearts, by his Spirit. Jesus's love is the cause of ours. He first loved us, therefore we love him. He still loves us, therefore we will praise him here; and forasmuch as his love is like himself, from everlasting to everlasting, he will never leave the purchase of his blood till love has brought

brought us to enjoy his glorious presence and kingdom; therefore we will praise him to all eternity.

There, O sweet reflection! as we shall all unite in the same delightful work, so shall we all agree in the same language. See the lovely, amiable description! Behold! all the redeemed of the Lord, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood, all in the same posture, before the throne, and before the Lamb, the object of their love, praise, and delight, cloathed with white robes, all appear in the garments of their Elder Brother, the white robes of Jesus's all-perfect righteousness: Each bearing the emblem of their dear conquering Lord's victory, with palms in their hands! And what is their cry? What the exalted subject of their song? SALVATION. To whom ascribed? To themselves in any part? To their works and obedience, because they were once faithful, and fulfilled terms and conditions? O, no; but with loud and united voices they cry, SALVATION to GOD, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—And behold all the angels, and the elders, and all the glorious company join THIS cry, and heartily unite with their Amen; Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.

There is no difference of thought, no disunion of judgment, no jarring notes ; but all perfectly unite in loud, but humble strains ; all happily agree, in harmony and delight. O, my brethren, what pity, what folly is it, any persons, calling themselves christians, should chuse to speak a language here, which is unknown in the realms above ? Why should any who hope to join this blessed company in their hymns of praise, differ in their manner of expressing themselves here below ? O why do we hear of our salvation being cast upon certain terms and conditions to be performed by man, instead of sovereign grace, and almighty power ? Christ is all in all to every believer ; every child of God is complete, or perfect, in HIM : A conditional salvation is no salvation at all. Faith, repentance, obedience, &c. are the graces, not conditions of the covenant. They are purchased by Jesus Christ, and flow from the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, by whom every gracious gift, every good disposition is wrought in the soul. These are bestowed as a free gift, and certainly to arrogate them to ourselves, and plead them as our righteousness, or to esteem them as terms and conditions of our salvation, betrays the height of pride, as well as the greatest folly. But then, man's faithfulness to grace received, is by too many talked of, and pleaded as a condition of his being saved. Man's faithfulness

fulness! Where is it to be found? In what fertile soil? In what sweet bosom doth it lodge? O how hard doth self die! How unwilling are the sons of pride to submit to grace alone!

But all the heirs of glory submit, they must submit, they will, that self should be laid low; and rejoice with humility, that the crown should be placed on King Jesus's head alone, who is made of God to us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. So many of us as have believed on Jesus with the heart unto salvation, the law hath been our school-master to bring to Christ: We esteem the law to be holy, just and good: We do not make void the law through faith, God forbid: We know that nothing can avail us, but the fulfilment of every jot and tittle that it requires: No obedience short of PERFECTION will be accepted of God. Therefore this is our joy, this our happy privilege to know, that our Jesus, our head, by his obedience magnified the law, and made it honourable, and thereby has perfectly fulfilled all righteousness; so that, He is the end of the law for righteousness to us, to all that believe. He is emphatically stiled the Lord our Righteousness; and we are declared by the Apostle, 2 Cor. v. 21. to be made the righteousness of God in him. For his righteousness is made ours by imputation
through

through faith, and is our justification. His love is the life and spring of all our obedience ; and from a divine principle implanted in us by his Holy Spirit, the inward fruits of love, joy, peace, &c. grow ; and the outward practice of morality and good works abound in the life and conversation.

Thus Jesus saves his people from their sins (i. e. from a sinful state and unholy life) into his kingdom of holiness here, and into his kingdom of glory and happiness above ; for whom God justifies, them he also glorifies. What shall be able to separate the adopted sons of God from his love which is in Christ Jesus ? What can destroy those, whom everlasting love hath determined to save ? What power can withstand the omnipotent God, who has engaged himself, by his word of faithfulness, for the safety and salvation of all his redeemed, justified, and adopted children ? Yea, God willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an Oath. Heb. vi. 17.

Here, O believer in Jesus, is abundant matter for thy comfort and consolation ! Thus, O happy christian, is thy salvation safe and secure ! Rejoice with humble confidence ! Exult with holy triumph ! Shout the praises of thy Jesus, and thy God, with thy most elevated affections ! And tell me, O thou happy soul ! Speak, O thou pardon-

ed.

ed sinner ! Declare, thou heaven-born child of God, What is the language of thy heart ? What the practice of thy life, resulting from these sweet scriptural views of sovereign grace and everlasting love ? Canst thou from hence be soothed to sloth and inactivity in the divine life ? Do they tend to encourage thee in loose, licentious practices ? O, no : I will venture to answer for thee, and every regenerate soul, I know you detest such base inferences, and cry out, God forbid ! I am assured, that in the day of thy new-birth, a new heart was given thee ; and at the time of thy espousals, a divine nature was imparted to thee ; and therefore thou wilt leave such base, hellish ingratitude to the unsanctified hearts that urge it, and to the carnal tongues that utter it. I know you experience the eternal and unchangeable love of Jesus to be the most animating and enlivening motive to all suitable conformity of life and conversation : By this you are filled with the utmost detestation and perfect abhorrence of sin, and find it to be the strongest incentive to holiness and obedience.

Now by this view of Salvation, the sinner is humbled, and the Saviour is exalted ; and is it not fit, that Jesus, the Saviour, should have all the glory, while man, the sinner, enjoys all the happiness and comfort of God's salvation ? O why then should any be so unhappy as to bring an evil report up-
on

on the faithfulness of God's promises, by attempting to render his people's salvation precarious and uncertain? This tends to cramp the sinews of love, and to pinion the wings of the soaring believer in his exploring flights above himself. O why should any be so deceived, as to imagine legal principles to be more productive of holiness and obedience, than the love, the everlasting and unchangeable love of Jesus, sweetly constraining us?

Let no man deceive us with vain words: Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. God forbid, that we should be like the foolish Galatians, so bewitched as to seek to be made perfect by the law of works, to fall from grace, to expect to perfect by the obedience of flesh, what was begun by the grace of the spirit! O this is to be removed from him that called us into the grace of Christ, into ANOTHER gospel! which indeed is not another, it is NO GOSPEL at all. Terms and conditions, instead of free, sovereign grace, is the law still. There is, there can be no middle way to immortal happiness, no medium between merit and free grace, ourselves and Jesus. A believer is not justified partly by himself, or for any conformity and obedience he doth yield, or for his faithfulness to grace received, and partly by Christ to make up the deficiency; but he is justified and saved by the whole obedience, and whole satis-

satisfaction of Jesus Christ, imputed to him by faith; by virtue of our union with Jesus Christ, our divine head, all the members of his mystical body (O heart-reviving consolation!) are the happy partakers of all holiness and **PERFECTION**: And this principal is the living, vital, powerful spring of all holy walk, all suitable practice of life and conversation here, and of a growing meetness for the enjoyment of Christ's kingdom, with the saints in light above.

To teach or believe otherwise, is to disallow the scripture doctrine of perfection, to deny the nature of true holiness, and is also contrary to the truths of the everlasting gospel of free and full salvation by the blood of Jesus, disagreeable to the experience of all the children of God here, and quite inconsistent with the acknowledgment of the saints in bliss and glory above.

O methinks I hear one of those glorified inhabitants, fond to praise, and free from pride, sweetly relate what lodged him safe in those heavenly mansions, ' Love planned
' the grand design; love, almighty eternal
' love reigned in the breast of Jesus. In the
' fulness of time, he bowed the heavens, and
' came down: His glory laid aside, emptied
' of all but love, in suffering form appeared;
' in shame and ignominy lived; treated
' with disgrace and scorn, all due to sinful
' me. In his holy life fulfilled the law
' of

' of God. By his death in agonizing pain,
 ' torments exquisite, and insupportable, veins
 ' sweating blood, blood issuing from every
 ' pore, his agony begun; nor did he stop,
 ' till hanging, bleeding, groaning, dying on
 ' the painful cross, he shed the last drop of
 ' his purple gore for guilty me. Now is
 ' God's just wrath appeased; Now heaven
 ' lost and happiness forfeited, were regain-
 ' ed; and the travel of his loving soul, for
 ' millions of millions, and for guilty me,
 ' he saw. The spirit now received for re-
 ' bellious man, plentifully streamed forth.
 ' Grace painfully obtained, was now freely
 ' bestowed. O could a sigh in heaven be felt
 ' or known, the mention of what I was, the
 ' state wherein I lay, when grace first found
 ' me out, would cause it. When grace be-
 ' gun its work on ruined me; love beam'd
 ' discovering light, whereby I saw myself,
 ' and mourn'd and wept. Love wrought
 ' by grace, and sweetly charmed my soul to
 ' God's dear Lamb; our suffering Saviour
 ' once, our exalted Prince and Saviour now.
 ' What form, what comeliness appeared,
 ' when Jesus first I saw by faith's enligh-
 ' tened eye! I looked on him I pierced and
 ' mourned, beheld and loved; sweetly my
 ' captivated heart was won; the exceeding
 ' greatness of his power, exerted thus to me,
 ' by faith, (by no power of mine produced,
 ' but) by faith supernatural and divine, the
 ' Spirit's

' Spirit's work ; my new-born soul now
 ' clave to my Beloved's Embrace ; whilst
 ' the voice of joy was in my heart, a peace
 ' that passeth all understanding o'erflowed
 ' my heaven-born soul. Thus brought home
 ' to the great shepherd and bishop of my soul,
 ' a wandering and departing spirit still re-
 ' mained within, and often inclined my silly
 ' heart to stray, to devious sinful and de-
 ' structive paths did turn : Nature oft did
 ' prompt, and self would gladly reign ; but
 ' Jesus reigned above, nor did he me neg-
 ' lect, nor did the Spirit quite forsake his
 ' work, when self, and pride, and nature
 ' would destroy ; sin and self did oft my
 ' peace disturb, but not my Saviour's love
 ' destroy. Not moved at first by ought
 ' in me to undertake my cause, nor after
 ' bribed by terms and conditions by me per-
 ' formed his saving grace to continue ; no :
 ' within his loving breast a stronger motive
 ' lay, by that determined, me to save from
 ' sin and hell ; nought could withstand Om-
 ' nipotence itself, such is Jesus, and by his
 ' Grace, through nature's strong opposing
 ' power, to glory, blifs and heaven I am
 ' brought. JESUS the incarnate God then
 ' let us praise, JESUS our song shall ever be ;
 ' Salvation, salvation to God, and the
 ' Lamb.'

Ready the glorified host, the heavenly bar-
 pers stand and eagerly join with united cry,

b

while

while a holy contention reigns who shall Jesus magnify and praise the most. O blest emulation! O glorious exultation! O may the dear Lamb of God, who is the subject of their praise, the Object of our faith, be the constant subject of our joy and delight! God forbid that we should ever glory in any thing, save only in the cross of the Lord Jesus! Lord save us from glorying in, or trusting to any other than HIS PERFECT righteousness! O that we may be of the true circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have NO CONFIDENCE in the flesh!

Courteous reader, if thou art of this happy number, thou hast indeed the greatest reason to chant praises to the God of love, to SING of the freeness of divine grace, and to triumph in the fullness of the Redemption purchased for thee, by thy Jesus, thy friend, thy Saviour, and thy God.

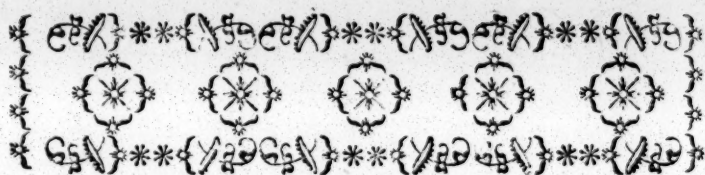
I here present thee with a Collection of such HYMNS which I think are agreeable to the word of God, and the experience of all true Christians; in which I hope I have carefully avoided those compositions which breathe the proud, pernicious, and unscriptural spirit of Arminianism; or that savour of the poisonous, antichristian, and licentious doctrines of Antinomianism. In the sincerity of my heart and affection of my soul, I would recommend them, praying the
 dear

dear Son of God, the God of all grace and power, to make them useful to us in our pilgrimage here below, till we come to join in more elevated and enlivened strains above.

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A COL-

(1)



A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S, &c.



H Y M N I.

The M U S I C I A N.

THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres;
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heavenly choristers.

2 O might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chant thy praise above;
Mix'd with the bright musician band,
May I an heav'nly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.

3 What extasy of bliss is there,
While all th' angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than extasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesu's glorious voice.

A

Jesus !

- 4 Jesus ! the heaven of heavens he is,
 The soul of harmony and bliss !
 And while on him we gaze ;
 And while his glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speaks his praise.
- 5 O might I die that awe to prove,
 That prostrate awe which dares not move
 Before the great Three-One,
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In songs around the throne.

H Y M N II.

For the LORD'S DAY in the Morning.

- T**H E Saviour meets his flock to-day,
 Shall I in sloth abide at home ?
 Shall I behind his people stay ?
 When Jesus calls, there still is room :
 I'll go : it is a house of pray'r,
 Who knows but GOD may meet me there.
- 2 To-day Immanuel feeds his saints,
 And there the Christians find their King ;
 There they lay open their complaints,
 And there the holy armies sing :
 Into their number I'll presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.
- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait ?
 And seek the Lord for fourscore years ;
 Both day and night the temple gate
 She watch'd with many groans and tears ;
 Nor would she leave the house of prayer
 Till GOD vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Dear Saviour then permit me pow'r,
 And like the saint I'll watch for thee ;
 Content I'll wait the appointed hour,
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

3

Daily my soul within thy gate,
Shall for thy loving kindness wait.

- 5 Remove temptations, O my Lord,
And let mine enemies be slain,
Which would withdraw me from thy word,
And plunge me in the world again :
And when the Bridegroom shall appear,
O let my soul be found in pray'r !

H Y M N III.

On the LORD's DAY.

SWEET is the work, O God, our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares should seize our breast ;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound !
- 3 Our hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy councils ! how divine !
- 4 O may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below :
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal word of joy !

H Y M N IV.

ANOTHER.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

A 2

2 The

4

HYMNS

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where our dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 Bid, Lord, our souls to stay
In such a frame as this,
And when thou call'st for them away,
Waft them to endless bliss.

HYMN V.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
Lord we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 3 Comfort those that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope :

Grant

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

5

Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a God sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N VI.

MORNING WORSHIP.

- O** Lord, how many are our foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood !
Our peace they daily discompose,
But our defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee we rais'd an ev'ning cry :
Thou heard'st when we began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,
We laid us down, and slept secure ;
Not death shall make our hearts afraid,
Tho' we should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd us all the night ;
Salvation doth to God belong :
He rais'd our heads to see the light,
And he shall have our morning song.

H Y M N VII.

ANOTHER.

COME let us adore
The Lord's gracious hand,
(Our great Governor)
Who gave a command,
And charge to his angels
To watch round our bed,
To guard us from evils,
From dangers and dread.

A 3

2 Our

- 2 Our Shepherd alone,
 The Lord, let us bless.
 Who reigns on the throne
 The Prince of our peace :
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood ;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !

- 3 We daily will sing
 Thy merits, thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace :
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men will we tell,
 And say, our dear Sav'our
 Redeems us from hell.

- 4 Preserve us in love
 While here we abide ;
 Nor never remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide,
 Thy glor'ous salvation ;
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful vision
 Completed in thee.

HYMN VIII.

EVENING WORSHIP.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
 Let incense flames arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 Awake our love, awake our joy,
 Awake our heart and tongue !
 Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.

3 Minutes

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

7

- 3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require !
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more !

H Y M N IX.

A N O T H E R.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;
And ev'ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home :
O Lord forgive my follies past,
And give me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace be the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus

- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN X.

ANOTHER.

ALL praise to him who dwells in bliss,
 Who made both day and night :
 Whose throne is darkness in th' abyfs
 Of uncreated light.

- 2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
 With strictest search survey :
 The deepest shades no more disguise
 Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
 No evil shall molest ;
 Under the shadow of thy wings
 Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
 Their constant stations keep :
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
 For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
 And heavenly thoughts refresh'd ;
 Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloze,
 And bless the ever-bless'd !

HYMN XI.

For Morning or Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love ?
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

9

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowzy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N XII.

Longing for the House of God.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ;
The new-born soul both longs and fains
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace !
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 4 O may we walk with growing strength,
Till we all meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before Christ's face appear,
And join in nobler worship there !

H Y M N XIII.

Entering into the Congregation.

FOUNTAIN of life to all below,
Let thy salvation roll ;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Ev'ry believing soul.

2 Into

- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take ;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word
For thy own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood :
Wasted by thee with willing heart
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall,
Be lost, and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all !

HYMN XIV.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

- T**O praise redeeming love,
Dear christians lend a voice :
Come thou, diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice :
Our hearts too low,
Lord, thou canst raise ;
Blest spirit, blow,
And we shall praise.
- 2 Here, Lord, may we admire
The riches of thy grace,
Till thou shalt call us higher,
There to behold thy face :
Oh, height of grace !
Oh, depth of love !
Lord, fit us for
Our place above.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

11

- 5 Who can thy love exprefs ?
Thy mercy ne'er decays !
What can our souls do lefs
Than love thee all our days ?
Bless God, each soul,
E'en unto death ;
And write a song
For ev'ry breath.

H Y M N XV.

At the Hour of Retirement.

- FATHER, behold with gracious eyes
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.
- 2 Well-pleas'd in him thyself declare ;
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our pray'r
To ev'ry conscience seal.
- 3 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.
- 4 On me, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart,
The seed of life eternal sow,
In ev'ry mournful heart.
- 5 Thy loving pow'rful spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiv'n,
O haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying heaven.
- 6 Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect pow'r
Of everlasting love.

H Y M N

HYMN XVI.

INVITATION.

THE Lord of life and glory stands,
 Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands;
 He calls ten thousand sinners round,
 And sends a voice from ev'ry wound.

- 2 ' Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near,
 ' And satiate all your wishes here !
 ' Behold, the living fountain flows
 ' In streams as various as your woes !
- 3 ' An ample pardon here I give,
 ' And bid the sentenc'd rebel live ;
 ' Shew him my Father's smiling face,
 ' And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 ' I purge from sin's detested stain,
 ' And make the crimson white again ;
 ' Lead to celestial joys, refin'd,
 ' And lasting as the deathless mind.
- 5 ' Must I anew my pity prove ?
 ' Witness the words of melting love,
 ' The gushing tears, the lab'ring breath,
 ' And all these scars of bleeding death.'
- 6 O Jesu let me doubt no more ;
 But hear, and wonder, and adore :
 And panting seek that fountain-head,
 Whence waters so divine proceed.
- 7 Still near its stream may I be found,
 Long as I tread this earthly ground !
 Till death shall make my last remove
 To dwell for ever with my love.

H Y M N XVII.

A N O T H E R.

- L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Dear God, the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines :
 Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our sins.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
 Stand open night and day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

H Y M N XVIII.

A N O T H E R.

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
 Hasten to the supper of our Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day,
 All things are ready, come away :

B

2 Ready

- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move ;
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye finners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His purchas'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

H Y M N XIX.

P S A L M LI.

- O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin :
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :
I'll point them to my Sav'our's blood,
That they may praise a pard'ning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless,
The Lord, my strength and right'ousness.

H Y M N XX.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake my sluggish soul ;
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing half so dull.

- 2 Go to the ant ; for one poor grain,
See how they toil and strive !
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
How negligent we live !
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We for whose guards the angel bands
Come flying from above :
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vigorous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith and wings of love
 To fly and take the prize.

HYMN XXI.

PROVIDENCE.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Why is my barren heart not lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 Whilst in the silent womb I lay,
 Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When thro' the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way :
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise :
 But Oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N XXII.

UNFRUITFULNESS.

LONG have I sat beneath the found
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace,
Can my hard heart retain?

3 My gracious Sav'our, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?

4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

5 Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

H Y M N XXIII.

Breathing after the HOLY SPIRIT.

COME Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N XXIV.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

- A**LL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesu, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.
 - 3 Give me to hide my blushing face
While thy dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
 - 4 O may thy uncorrupted seed
Be sown and rise within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

19

- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comforts strong :
Then shall I say, ' my Father, God !
With an unwav'ring tongue.

H Y M N XXV.

The Witnessing Spirit.

WH Y should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace !

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy faints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

H Y M N XXVI.

On the LORD'S-DAY.

TH E Lord of sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 The

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd ;
By God, th' eternal word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN XXVII.

Longing for CHRIST.

- O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall we find our longing hearts
All taken up by thee ?
Oh make me pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony heart !
For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 3 O that we could for ever sit,
With Mary, at our Master's feet,
Be this our happy choice !
Our only care, delight and bliss,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 4 Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above;
Let earth, and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

H Y M N XXVIII.

CHRIST'S Passion.

YE that pass by, behold the man!
The man of griefs condemned for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood
His sacred limbs——expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood!
- 4 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet, transfixt and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 5 Beneath my load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown,
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!
- 6 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
To me apply thy precious blood,
Grant me to taste thy dying love.
- 7 Give me to see thine agonies,
One view of that sad fight afford;
That I with thee may sympathize,
And know the suff'rings of my Lord.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIX.

The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

- C**OME all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest musick bring,
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh
 To take away our guilt,
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
 That hellish monster spilt.
- 3 Alas, the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murth'rous weapons dy'd.
- 4 The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.
- 5 Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody sphere,
 The cross and nails no more;
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heav'ns adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits
 High on his Father's throne;
 The Father lays his veng'ance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless his saints and angels eyes
 To everlasting days.

H Y M N XXX.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

WH Y does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear ?

What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair ?

2 What tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at the eternal throne
Like pointed mountains rise ?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curst foundations laid
Low as the depths of hell ?

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase :

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound :
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

H Y M N XXXI.

CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

WH A T equal honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb,
Since all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?

2 Worthy

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn,
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever to the Lamb
Who bore our sins, and curse and pain;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen!

HYMN XXXII.

CHRIST'S Resurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From sin and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

- 2 Children of God, look up and see,
Your Sav'our cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.
- 3 His church is still his joy, his crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

Oh, may we all from sin awake,
May all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted head !
May all our souls to heaven aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead !

H Y M N XXXIII.

A N O T H E R.

THE sun of righteousness appears
To set in blood no more !
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore !
The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise !
Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He dy'd and suffered as a man ;
He rises as a God !
In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

H Y M N XXXIV.

C H R I S T ' s A s c e n s i o n.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n :
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.'

C

2 See,

4 Oh,

- 2 See, he lifts his hands above ;
 See, he shews the prints of love ;
 Hark ! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessing on his church below :
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day ;
 See, thy faithful servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upwards may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when the Lord shall come,
 Longing, gazing after home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thy endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XXXV.

Praising CHRIST.

AWAKE, and sing the song,
 Of Moses, and the Lamb ;
 Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Sav'our's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing, till we hear Christ say,
 ' Your sins are all forgiv'n,'
 Go on rejoicing ev'ry day,
 Till we all meet in heav'n.

H Y M N XXXVI.

A N O T H E R.

- C O M E, my brethren, Isr'els race,
 And hear me bless my king;
 Hear me, my beloved praise,
 My Jesus do I sing :
 Neither hear my song alone,
 But help, O help me to proclaim
 Jesus, our Creator's son,
 Jesus ! that lovely name !
- 2 Others sing their time away,
 Who Jesus never knew :
 Ought not we to pass our day
 In joy and singing too ?
 Others have thee cause to bless,
 The children of the King have more ;
 They have Christ their right'ousness
 Their glory, peace and pow'r.
- 3 Bow thy throne, thou son of God !
 And with a living coal
 From the altar, stain'd with blood,
 Inspire each drowsy soul.
 Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
 Or fully, who can sing thy praise ?
 Lord, we fail in hymns below,
 Teach ! teach us heav'nly lays.

HYMN XXXVII.

Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Sav'our forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace!
 My soul with joy
 And wonder see,
 What forms of love
 He bears for thee !

3 Array'd in mortal Flesh,
 Christ like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from
 His Father's throne,
 To make his grace
 To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name :
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came :
 The joyful news
 Of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd
 And peace with heav'n.

5 Be thou our counsellor,
 Our pattern, and our guide :
 And thro' this defart land,
 Still keep us near thy side :
 O let our feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove nor seek
 The crooked way.

6 Jesus, our great high-priest,
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd :
 Thou guilty sinner seek
 No sacrifice beside :
 His pow'rful blood
 Did once atone,
 And now it pleads
 Before the throne.

7 Then let our souls arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 A feeble faint
 Shall win the day,
 Tho' death and hell
 Obstruct the way.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a
 Mediator.

C O M E let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame ;
 Our God appear'd consuming fire,
 And veng'ance was his name.

- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord :
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son,
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne :
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the eternal King
That lays his fury by.

H Y M N XXXIX.

CHRIST'S Compassion for the tempted

- WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high-priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N XL:

Salvation by Grace.

- L ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been ;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of right'ousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And justify'd by grace ;
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

H Y M N

HYMN XLI.

SALVATION.

- S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay,
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the eccho fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN XLII.

GOD all, and in all.

- M**Y God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call,
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How am'able they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy grac'ous throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face :
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

H Y M N XLIII.

Redemption by CHRIST.

- W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood :
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son :
Descending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne.
 - 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrap'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
 - 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruin of our race
To life and God again.

5 To

- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 O may thine honour ever be
The bus'ness of our days;
Inflame our hearts, assist our tongues,
To speak thy worthy praise!

H Y M N XLIV.

The Robe of Righteousness.

- A**WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his mercies shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Sav'our wrought
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far this heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine?
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

H Y M N XLV.

The Love of CHRIST constraineth us,

2 Cor. v. 14.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there,

3 'Tis love that makes our active feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this poor abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N XLVI.

Strife in Heaven.

IN heaven's court a question rose,
Which rais'd a strife that ne'er shall close ;
Which rank of all the ransom'd race
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace ?

2 Infants

- 2 Infants here caught from womb and breast
Claim right to sing above the rest ;
As finding soon the happy shore,
They never saw nor sought before,
- 3 Others arriv'd at riper age,
Before they left the earthly stage,
Think grace deserves yet higher praise,
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.
- 4 'Tis I, says one, 'bove all my race
Am debtor most to glorious grace :
The chief of sinners you'll allow,
Should be the chief of singers now.
- 5 A second cries, this claim forbear,
Lo, I'm the greatest wonder here ;
For I of all the race that fell,
Deserv'd the lowest place in hell.
- 6 Another rises by his side,
As fond to praise, and free of pride,
Cries, all give place, for I defy,
You all should owe such thanks as I.
- 7 What will no rival-finger yield
He has an equal in the field ?
Come then, and let us all agree,
To praise upon the highest key.

HYMN XLVII.

The Love of CHRIST.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou wond'rous lamb of God ;
And fix and root me in the grace
So dearly bought with blood.

- 2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of ev'ry smart and pain ;
And let my heart with joy confess
From hence comes all my gain.

- 3 For this still let me freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss;
 And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing
 Compar'd with thee, but drois.
- 4 Whence is it, merciful high-priest,
 That thou didst bleed for me?
 Me, full of sin and void of worth,
 The cause was all in thee.
- 5 Thy tender heart could not endure
 To see me helpless lie;
 To see me fall a prey to death,
 Thyself would'st rather die.
- 6 Engrave this deeply on my heart,
 With an eternal pen;
 That I may in my small degree
 Return thy love again.
- 7 But who can pay so high a debt,
 Or equal love like thine?
 Thou wast when sorely wounded thus
 A person all divine.
- 8 Oh, rather give me daily more,
 More ev'ry hour to see,
 That thou a bount'ous giver art,
 I must a debtor be.

H Y M N XLVIII.

I N V I T A T I O N .

HITHER ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A sin-disorder'd trembling throng;
 To you the gospel calls, to you
 Messiah's blessings all belong.

Reason's and virtue's boasting sons
 Derive no blessing from his tree:
 For sinners only Jesus dy'd,
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

D

3 'Twas

- 3 'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd,
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd ;
 Our punishment he took, he bore,
 And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.
- 4 Awake each heart, arise each soul,
 And join the blisful choirs above :
 May nothing tune our future song,
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly love.

H Y M N XLIX.

To the TRINITY.

- W**E give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love ;
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above.
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son,
 To die for sins
 That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood,
 From everlasting woe.
 And now he lives,
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit
 Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the spirit's name,
 Immortal worship give ;
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinners live.
 His work compleats
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided three,
And the mysterious one !
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails
And love adores.

H Y M N L.

To Jesus Christ.

- O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Oh tune our souls to praise thy name,
Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !
2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity.
3 Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am ;
With all our pow'r, thy grace, we bless,
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.
4 Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive !
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
With ev'ry power beneath thy feet.

H Y M N LI.

REDEMPTION found.

- H OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

- 2 Fix, O fix, each wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love.
- 3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N LII.

Praise to God for Creation and Re-
demption.

- L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace ;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' united three,
The undivided one.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame,
Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

H Y M N LIII.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

BE G I N, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal king.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men ;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those ever lasting lines.

5 O might we hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper, thou art mine !
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

6 How would our leaping hearts rejoice,
And think our heav'n secure !
Give us to hear thy gracious voice
And faith desires no more.

H Y M N LIV.

The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.

OH the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace !

D 3

2. Sweet

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.
- 3 His head, the dear majestic head,
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around !
- 4 This is the man, th' exalted man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore ;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- 5 Lord, set our spirits all on fire
 To see thy bless'd abode ;
 And tune our tongues to sing the praise
 Of our incarnate God.

H Y M N LV.

Look on him whom they pierc'd, and
 mourn.

IS there a thing beneath the sky,
 Can comfort bring, or satisfy,
 But our dear Saviour's wounds ?
 Here is a sweet and constant peace,
 A treasure full of richest grace,
 All else are empty sounds.

- 2 Attend, my soul, sink down with shame
 Before his face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed and die ;
 O think upon thy sin, and guilt,
 For which his precious blood was spilt,
 Thou didst him crucify.
- 3 See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,
 'Till drops of blood fall down !
 See how he yonder prostrate lies !
 Observe his mournful pray'r and cries,
 Mark every tear and groan.

- 4 See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,
Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,
For thee a sacrifice :
Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,
Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood ;
So dear thy ransom price !
- 5 Lord, did'st thou suffer thus for me ?
Did'st thou feel all this misery
To give me life and peace ?
Then let me bear it on my heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy smart,
Thy blood signs my release.

H Y M N LVI.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high ;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father, our souls would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side ;
But if our feet must hence depart ;
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

H Y M N

HYMN LVII.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN LVIII.

God reconciled in CHRIST.

DEAREST of all the names above,
Our Jesus and our God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The spirit dwells with men.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

45

- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Emmanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

H Y M N LIX.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy charming name
Ne'er half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak,
And in our priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay :
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

H Y M N

HYMN LX.

Breathing after Holiness.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit,
 Into every troubled breast,
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
 Take away the power of sinning
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place,
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN

H Y M N LXI.

The Christian Soldier.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd,
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Jesus hath dy'd for you !
What can his love withstand ?
Believe ; hold fast your shield ; and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All power to him is giv'n ;
Believe, 'till freed from nature's chains,
You're call'd from hence to heav'n.

4 Your rock can never shake :
Hither, he saith, come up !
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope :
Hope for his perfect love,
Hope for his promis'd rest,
Hope to sit down with Christ above,
And share the marriage feast.

- 5 In fellowship; alone,
 To God with faith draw near,
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
 With all the pow'r of prayer :
 Go to his temple, go,
 Nor from his altar move ;
 Let every house his worship know,
 And every heart his love.
- 6 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day ;
 Still let the spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, " Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conqu'rors home.

H Y M N LXII.

Panting after God.

- T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there :
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live !
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive.
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care :
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there,
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, Abba, Father cry.
5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love be all my choice.

H Y M N LXIII.

After Sermon.

8 O Jesu our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word
2 In spirit we trace,
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
3 The ancient of days,
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.
4 The trumpet of God,
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation thro' blood.
5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.
6 The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.
This blessing be mine,
Through favour divine
4 But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

H Y M N LXIV.

CHRIST's second Coming.

HE comes, he comes, the judge severe,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near,
 The light'nings flash, the thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 come to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n, angelic voices sound,
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd,
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks
 Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord,
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him
 their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.
 Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

5 The Father bless, the Son adore,
 The spirit praise for evermore:
 Salvation's glorious work is done,
 We welcome Thee Great Three in One,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 come Thee Great Three in One.

H Y M N LXV.

The BACKSLIDER.

JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;

False to thee, like PETER, I
Would fain like PETER weep.

Let me be by grace restor'd,

On me all long-suffering shewn ;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone,

And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,

Repentance to impart,

Give me, through thy dying love,

The humble contrite heart ;

Give, what I have long implor'd,

A portion of thy grief unknown :

Turn, and look upon me Lord,

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone,

And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,

Nor suffer me to die.

Life, and happiness, and love

Drop from thy gracious eye ;

Speak the reconciling word,

And let thy mercy melt me down ;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord ;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone,

And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy grace beheld

The harlot in distress,

Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,

And bade her go in peace :

- Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 I at thy feet for mercy groan :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy followers see,
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,
 " Weep for yourselves, not me."
 Am I by my God deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan ?
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look as when thy pitious eye
 Was clos'd that we might live,
 " Father (at the point to die
 My Saviour gasp'd, " Forgive."
 Surely with that dying word,
 Returns, and looks, and cries, " 'Tis done!"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN LXVI.

Leaning on the Beloved.

JESU, lover of the soul,
 Let us to the bosom fly ;
 While the swelling waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide us, Oh ! our Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive our souls at last.

- Other refuge have we none
 Lean my helpless soul on thee
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone
 Still support and comfort me :
 All our trust on thee be stay'd
 All our help from thee we bring
 Cover each defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all we want,
 More than all in thee we find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
 Just and holy is thy name
 We are all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin and shame,
 But thou'rt full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all our sin,
 Let the healing streams abound
 Make and keep us pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let us take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within each heart,
 Now and to eternity.

H Y M N LXVII.

Desiring to praise worthily.

COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing !
 Tune our hearts to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise !
 Teach us some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—Oh fix us on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love !

- 2 Here we raise our Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by thine help we'd come ;
 Trusting Lord, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus sought us, all when strangers,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue us from dangers,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace, what mighty debtors,
 Daily, hourly, Lord, are we,
 Let that grace, like strongest fetters,
 Bind our wand'ring hearts to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
 Prone to leave the God of love —
 Here's our hearts—O take, and seal them !
 Seal them from thy courts above !

HYMN LXVIII.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

- O** UR most indulgent Saviour
 Teach us thy love to find,
 To triumph in thy favour
 And know thy spirit's mind.
 This grace to us be given,
 This be our one request,
 To want no other heaven,
 Than leaning on thy breast.
- 2 The place of John we'd covet,
 More than a Seraph's throne,
 To rest in our beloved,
 And breathe our final groan.
 On thee alone relying
 To lose our sin and pain ;
 And on thy bosom dying,
 Our life eternal gain.

H Y M N LXIX.

Gratitude.

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r?

Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t'adore,
To praise thee as thy saints above,
To praise thee for thy wondrous love.

2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful shepherd's eye;
When born along the impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity:
Then Jesus from the heav'n's came down
To save us by his grace alone.

3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
To seek and save the lost he came,
There was he bound to set us free,
From death and everlasting shame;
The captive flock from hell was freed
And ransom'd when their shepherd bled.

4 Before the father's awful throne,
Our merciful high-priest yet stands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands
His peoples everlasting friend
Who loving—loves them to the end!

5 May we his banish'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him as our only choice
And cleave to him in love alone;
Still growing up in holiness
Till call'd to meet, in realms of peace.

Then shall our grateful songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;

No

No sin, no sorrow shall be found
 No night o'ercloud the endless day,
 O praise him! all beneath, above!
 O praise him! praise the God of love,

H Y M N LXX.

Before Sermon.

- N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name,
 Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest,
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd the infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foes and ours,
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each chearful string,
 Mortals join the hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXI.

Panting after J E S U S.

THOU shepherd of Isr'el divine,
The joy of the upright in heart,
For closer communion they pine,
Still, still to reside where thou art;
The pasture, oh! when shall we find,
Where all, who their shepherd obey,
Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah shew us that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree
Our spirits to calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

H Y M N LXXII.

SON of God! thy blessing grant,
Still supply our ev'ry want,
Tree of life thine influence shed,
With thy sap our spirits feed!

- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die:
Weak as helpless infancy—
O confirm our souls in thee!
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee we fall!
Send the strength for which we call!
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help, we ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All our hope on thee depend,
Love us! save us to the end!
Give us the continuing grace——
Take the everlasting praise!

H Y M N LXXIII.

PSALM li, 10.

- O For an heart to praise my God!
An heart from sin set free,
An heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 An heart resign'd submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life, nor death, can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same
And melts at human woe:
Jesu, for thee distressed I am.
I want thy love to know.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
'Till thou create my peace,
'Till of mine Eden re-possess,
From self, and sin, I cease.
- 7 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

H Y M N LXXIV.

PSALM lxxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.

- O What shall I do, my Saviour to praise ;
So faithful, and true, so plenteous in grace ;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer, that hangs upon him !
- 2 How happy the man, whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
claim :
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
(thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 Yea, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known :
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all who believe.

H Y M N

HYMN LXXV.

PSALM cxxxix. Matt. xi. 29.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my master be,
 Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
 Nothing shall I seek below,
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child,
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

4 Father ! fix my soul on thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee,
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy, happy in thy love !

5 O ! that all may seek and find,
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

HYMN LXXVI.

Public Thanksgiving.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
 Thro' the whole nation run ;
 Ye British skies, resound the noise
 Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
 Thee our glad voices sing,
 And join with the celestial choir
 To praise th' eternal king.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 61

- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their babel down.
- 5 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r:
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Ephf. ii. 13.

OF him who did salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and sing!
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
Eternal Lord, almighty king,
All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!
To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love could show.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

To JESUS CHRIST.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
Thou art, so let us be!

F

2 Fix,

- 2 Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,
To thy cross our spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love.
- 3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery!
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n!

H Y M N LXXIX.

Praise to CHRIST.

- C**OME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts, in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain,
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the SON OF MAN.
- 3 O Lord we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee—
Our Saviour and our friend!
- 4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy fame,
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name!

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 6 Worship, and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n !
By men below—by hosts above—
By all in earth and heav'n !

H Y M N LXXX.

God's Goodness to his People.

P S A L M xxiii.

- T**HE Lord supplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes them feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings their wand'rings spirits back,
When they forsake his ways,
And leads them, for his mercy's sake.
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When they walk thro' the shades of death,
His presence is their stay :
A word of his supporting breath
Drives all their fears away.
- 4 His hand in fight of all their foes
Doth still their table spread,
Their cup with blessings overflows,
His oil anoints their head.
- 5 The sure provisions of our God,
Attend us all our days:
O may his house be our abode,
And all our work his praise !

H Y M N LXXXI.

An Act of FAITH.

HABAKKUK iii. 17. &c.

- A**WAY my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more take place !
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :

- But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield—
No—in the strength of Jesus no—
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren altho' my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin and only sin is here ;
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me :
- 4 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus my Lord and God I claim,
Jesus my strength shall lift me up,
Salvation is Jesu's name :
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN LXXXII.

Prayer for Seriousness.

THOU God of glorious majesty !
To thee, against myself, to thee
A worm of earth I cry :
A half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure—insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!
- 3 O God! mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress!
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!
- 4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at the bar,
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom.
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
My future bliss t' insure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

1 Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;
but in me is thine Help.

2 Lo! **W**HEN I'm in bondage, then I see
How rightly this is charg'd on me,
Thou hast thyself destroy'd:

So when my Sav'ours love I view,
And freedom have, I see 'tis true,
Thy help is in thy GOD.

- 2 In ev'ry change of mind and frame,
I dare not thee, my matter, blame,
I know myself's in fault ;
Thou art the same tho' I decay
And change and turn ten times a day,
I know thou changest not.
- 3 A Saviour always thee I prove,
For ever full of grace and love,
Whene'er my sin I see ;
Tho' I myself in darkness lead,
And fill my soul with guilt and dread
Thou always set'st me free.
- 4 I find my help and strength art thou,
I far from thee should daily go,
But thou in thy dear hand
Preserv'st me still : O ! still me keep
Among thy chosen fellowship,
Till I'm in Canaan's land.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Following Christ, the Sinner's Way
to God.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I plac'd my hopes upon ;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high-way of holiness
I'll go ; for all the paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden, long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither soul, for I'm the way.
- 5 Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Sav'our I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, *Behold the way to GOD.*

H Y M N LXXXV.

The Love of God shed abroad in the
Heart.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be exprest.

- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Godly Sorrow, arising from the Suffer-
ings of CHRIST.

ALAS! and did my Sav'our bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Thy

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood ?
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin !
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
Whilst his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Salvation in the Cross.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the dropings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy veng'ance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dares my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosannah to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Repentance flowing from the Patience
of GOD.

A ND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening veng'ance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, forbear,
And strait the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love;
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our wounded hearts ev'n bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

H Y M N

HYMN LXXXIX.

Repentance at the Cross.

- O** If my soul was form'd for woe,
 How should I vent my sighs!
 Sorrows might then like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 But for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on th' accursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O may I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my God,
 Those sins that pierc'd, and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my redeemer, they shall die,
 Thy grace has so decreed,
 Make me to hate the guilty things
 That made my Sav'our bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
 My murther'd Lord I view,
 I'd raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murth'ers too.

HYMN XC.

Look on Him whom they pierc'd and
 mourn.

- I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!
 Behold my bleeding Lord!
 Hell, and the Jews, conspire his death,
 And use the Roman sword.
- 2 Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
 His sacred body tore!

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 2 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse ;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful jews :
4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormenters were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
5 'Twere you that pull'd the veng'ance down,
Upon his guiltless head :
Break, break, my heart ! O burst, mine eyes !
And let my sorrows bleed.
6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembl'd woe.

H Y M N XCI.

CHRIST'S Commission.

- C O M E, happy souls approach your God,
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The father sent his equal son
To give them life again.
3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The veng'ance of a God.
4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down.

5 Here

- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Sav'our's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 Make, dearest Lord, our waiting souls
Accept thine offer'd grace,
Yield to the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

H Y M N XCII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- N**OW to the Lord, a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!
- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son
Hath all his mightiest works out-done.
- 3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!
- 4 O that we all may reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Admire his beauties we behold!
And sing his name to harps of gold!

H Y M N XCIII.

Our Comfort is in the Covenant made
with CHRIST.

- O**UR GOD, how firm his promise stands!
Evn when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory, and his grace!

2 Then

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 73

- 2 Then, why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and thou art one ?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n posselt ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest,

H Y M N XCIV.

Seeking after CHRIST.

I Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To know the myst'ry of thy blood :
O teach me farther, teach me how
To thee alone my soul may bow.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
Thy pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !

How can it be thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring :
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And deck them with a weighty crown !

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought :
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unspeakable.

First born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow ;
Te thee our hearts and hands we'd give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

H Y M N XCV.

Without me ye can do nothing. John

WHAT pains do sinners take to trace
The ways to happiness and peace
Before 'tis on their minds imprest,
That Jesus is the only rest ?

- 2 Strive I to make my own self poor ?
I get much pain, but nothing more ;
Strive I in comforts to be great ?
Instead of joy I mis'ry meet.
- 3 Among the creatures oft I rove,
And seek of men applause and love ;
My self-will murmers discontent
Against my Sav'our's government.
- 4 When dangers rise, how soon I start,
Forget convictions in my heart ?
How oft in love and zeal abate,
Fall, and my very falls forget ?
- 5 When I see this, I can't express
What melting shame, and yet what peace
Spring in my soul, each from his side,
Since for all this my Sav'our dy'd.
- 6 This works upon my heart much shame,
Now to love Christ is all my aim ;
And tho' too oft self creeps between,
Yet self and all things else are pain.
- 7 Compleat thy work, my gracious King,
My soul into that order bring,
That thou would'st have, that all in me
May to thy scepter bow the knee.

H Y M N

H Y M N XCVI.

The good Fight.

OMNIPOTENT Lord,
My Sav'our and King,
Thy succour afford,
Thy right'ousness bring ;
Thy promises bind thee
Compassion to have,
Now, now let me find thee
Almighty to save.
Rejoicing in hope,
And patient in grief,
To thee I look up
For certain relief ;
I fear no denial,
No danger I fear,
Nor start from the tryal
While Jesus is near.
I every hour
In jeopardy stand,
But thou art my pow'r,
And holdest my hand ;
Whilst yet I am calling,
Thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling,
Or plucks me from hell.
For God is above
Men, devils, and sin ;
And Jesus's love
The battle shall win :
So terribly glorious
His coming shall be,
His love all victor'ous
Shall conquer for me.

- 5 He all shall break thro',
 His truth and his grace
 Shall bring me into
 The plentiful place ;
 Thro' much tribulation,
 Thro' water and fire,
 Thro' floods of temptation,
 And flames of desire.
- 6 On Jesus's power
 Till then I rely,
 All evil before
 His presence shall fly ;
 'Tis thro' my dear Sav'our
 My fear shall depart,
 And Jesus for ever
 Shall reign in my heart.

H Y M N XCVII.

A Prayer for Faith.

- F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know :
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah ! whither shall I go !
- 2 What did thy only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath !
 What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy pow'r ;
 Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes ;
 O let me now receive that gift !
 My soul without it dies.

- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die !
 O speak, and I shall live !
 O may I thus unwearied lie
 Till thou thy spirit give !
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
 Could they but see thy face :
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Faith in CHRIST.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word :
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

My soul obeys the almighty call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord !
 Oh help my unbelief !

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly ;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thy arm, victor'ous King,
 My reigning sins subdue :
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With his infernal crew.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thy arms I fall ;
 Be thou my strength and right'ousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN XCIX.

INCONSTANCY.

LORD, Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, Oh! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force:
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

HYMN C.

Excellency of CHRIST.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of our God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 79

- 3 Here his whole name appears compleat,
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where love and veng'ance strangely join :
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd blessings mine.
- 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where GOD the Sav'our lov'd and dy'd !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown :
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his heav'nly throne.

H Y M N C I.

Description of CHRIST.

- C**OME, worship at Emanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Is he our head ? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives :
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit, and his love.
 - 3 Is he a vine ? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ the vine !
 - 4 Is he a rock ? how firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves ;
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert thro'.

- 5 Is he a sun ? his beams are grace,
The course he runs is joy and peace ;
What healing in his wings appears
To chase our clouds, and dry our tears !
- 6 Nor earth, nor air, nor sun nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears :
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CII.

Breathing after CHRIST.

- F**AR from my thoughts, vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would I now my Sav'our see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, sweet Redeemer, from above,
And feast my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand,
In verdant rows at thy right-hand
And in sweet murmers by thy side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Hasten then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace :
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Blest Jesu, what delicious fare !
How rich thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's gl'ories shine !
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known !

HYMN

H Y M N CIII.

The Church a Garden.

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot inclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

- 2 Like spicy trees believers stand,
Planted by an almighty hand,
And all the springs in Zion flow
To make the rich plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume,
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God ;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 The King into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes ;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.
- 6 ' Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
' The treasure which my Father sends ;
' Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
' And drink abundance of my love.'
- 7 Jesus, we will attend thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord ;
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

H Y M N

HYMN CIV.

CHRIST our Sanctification.

JESU, my Lord, thyself apply,
 Thy quick'ning spirit breathe;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy death.

- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and death, and sin,
 With my rebellion strive;
 Enter my soul, and work within,
 Kill thou, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life I pray to have,
 As the old Adam dies;
 Bury me, Sav'our, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, my foes controul,
 That would refuse thy sway:
 Diffuse thy image thro' my soul,
 And bring the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode:
 O make me purify'd within,
 A temple fit for God.
- 6 My root of holiness thou art,
 For faith hath made thee mine;
 With all thy fulness fill my heart,
 Till all I am is thine.

HYMN CV.

WONDER.

AND can it be that I should gain
 An int'rest in the Sav'our's blood!
 Dy'd he for such as caus'd his pain,
 Sinners, who him to death pursu'd.

2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis myst'ry all, Messiah dies !
Who can explore his strange design ?
In vain the cur'ous seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine,
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace !
Empty'd himself of all but love,
And bled for a despairing race.
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in nature's anxious night ;
Jesus has shed a healing ray,
And brought me to the joyful light.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Since heav'n's free gift hath made him mine ;
I live in him my second head,
Array'd in right'ousness divine.
- 6 But Oh ! let love inspire my soul,
Because my God doth not condemn ;
Let gratitude my thoughts controul ;
Let me not live to self, but him.

H Y M N C V I.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, the Lord our Right'ousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,

- He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and right'ousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN CVII.

Heaven begun on Earth.

- C**OME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly king,
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our father, and our love:
Thou wilt send down thy heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see thy face,
And never, never sin:
There from the rivers of thy grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

35

- 7 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N CVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all Creatures.

- C O M E let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N CIX.

Justifying Righteousness.

- L O N G did my soul in Jesu's form
No comeliness or beauty see;
His sacred name, by others priz'd,
Was tasteless still, and dead to me.

H

3 Men

- 2 Men call'd me christian, and my heart
On this delusion fondly stay'd;
Moral my hope, my Saviour self,
Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.
- 3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,
That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor;
That sweetly led me to the Rock,
Where all salvation stands secure.
- 4 Glad I forsook my right'ous pride,
My tarnish'd, filthy, sinful dress;
Exchang'd my loss away for Christ,
And find a robe of right'ousness.
- 5 The pure immortal realms above
Alone admit the spotless claim;
Thankful my soul accepts the gift,
And loves my benefactor's name.
- 6 O haste, Redeemer, bring the end,
Let not thy chariot-wheels delay!
Remove me from inferior joys,
And heav'n-ward kiss my soul away.

H Y M N CX.

It is finished.

'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,
Whilst we this sentence scan;
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquest of our Lord
Compleat for helpless man.

- 2 Finish'd the right'ousness of grace,
Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace,
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accusing law, cancel'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God,
In sweet oblivion laid.

- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can show :
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.
- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar,
Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'Tis finish'd still shall answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.
- 5 Behold, my soul, thy Saviour's task
Is finish'd just as thou would'st ask,
His merit now embrace :
'Tis justice due to Jesu's name,
To ground on him a fearless claim,
And triumph thro' his grace.
- 6 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
But ah, the praise his work demands
Careful let me attend :
Conclusion to my soul be this,
Because salvation finish'd is
My thanks shall never end.

H Y M N CXI.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
T'wards heav'n, thy native place ;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So the soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 Whilst I that coast explore ;
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Sollicit me no more.
 Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
 Strangers tarry but a night,
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to morn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Sav'our will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN CXII.

Divine Love.

BE gone, vain world, my heart resign,
 For I can be no longer thine ;
 A nobler, a diviner guest,
 Requires possession of my breast.

- 2 My Sav'our's title is my all,
 But ah ! the room is still too small ;
 In vain you tempt my heart to rove,
 A fairer object claims my love.

At last (alas, how late!) I've seen
One lovelier than the sons of men;
The chiefest of ten thousands he,
Proportion all, and majesty.

All earthly beauties are but rays,
Which his bright form more full displays;
All beside him must disappear,
He only good, he only fair.

Saviour, to thee my soul aspires,
With holy breathings, warm desires:
To thee my panting heart would move,
O make it undivided love!

How do thy gracious streams of light
Ev'n thro' this veil refresh my sight!
When shall my prison'd soul be free,
To find my all, my heav'n in thee!

H Y M N CXIII.

God our Light in Darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:
In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers, "*I am his.*"

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word:
Run up with joy the shining way,
To seek and praise my Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqu'ror thro'.

HYMN CXIV.

The Triumph of Faith.

- R**EJOICE, the Lord is King!
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Sav'our, reigns
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

H Y M N CXV.

ANOTHER.

H E A D of the church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee ;

Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting,
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine,
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Thro' torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break thro' them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By

- 4 By faith we see thy glory
 To which thou wilt restore us,
 The cross despise
 For that high-prize
 Which thou hast set before us.
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right-hand
 To take us up to heaven.

H Y M N CXVI.

View of the Cross.

- W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I'd sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N CXVII.

Doubts scattered.

- H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone
 And leave me to my joys ;
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.

- 2 Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till ſov'reign grace, with ſhining rays,
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh ! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jeſus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain ;
One glimſe, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

H Y M N CXVIII.

Deſiring to love.

- C**OME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I ſhall hear thy voice,
Shall one day ſee my God ;
Shall ceaſe from all my ſin and ſtrife,
Handle and taſte the word of life,
And feel the ſprinkled blood.
- 2 I ſhall not always make my moan,
Or worſhip thee a God unknown ;
But I ſhall live to prove
Thy people's reſt, thy ſaints delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth and height
Of thy redeeming love.
 - 3 Rejoicing now, in earneſt hope,
I ſtand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endleſs plenty grow.
 - 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar ſmile,
With ev'ry bleſſing bleſſ'd ;

There

There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

- 5 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness.
- 6 Now, oh my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And oh! with all the sanctify'd,
Give me a lot of love.

H Y M N CXIX.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood:
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

- 5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth ;
Born of GOD, they hate all sin,
GOD's pure seed remains within.
- 6 They have fellowship with GOD,
Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
One with GOD, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
- 7 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Stranger's quite to this world's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.
- 8 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of GOD, joint-heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be
Here, and in eternity !

H Y M N CXX.

CHRIST's Righteousness.

- JESU, thou art my right'ousness,
For all my sins were thine :
Thy death hath bought of GOD my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.
- 2 Spotless and just in *thee* I am ;
I feel my sins forgiv'n :
I taste salvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.
 - 3 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side :
This is my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Sav'our died.
 - 4 My dying Sav'our, and my GOD,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

5 Wash

- 5 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,
 Wash me, and mine thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to fight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul is love.

H Y M N CXXI.

They crucified Him.

- O** Love divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me :
 The Father's co-eternal son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd ;
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like his !
 Come, feel with me his blood apply'd,
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the record true,
 That we are bought with Jesu's blood ;
 Pardon and life flow from his side :
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream ;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside :
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXII.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are !
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace !

- 2 There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine ;
There Jesus says, that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.
- 3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died.
- 4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain ;
All this, says he, I bore for thee, -
And then he smiles again.
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this ?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be founded all abroad ;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.
- 7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.

H Y M N CXXIII.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling
in the Guests.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls :
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room ?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in :
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

H Y M N CXXIV.

The New Creation.

- A**TTEND, while God's eternal Son,
Doth in his glories shew :
‘ Behold, I sit upon my throne,
‘ Creating all things new.
- 2 ‘ Nature and sin are past away,
‘ And the old Adam dies ;
‘ My hands a new foundation lay :
‘ See a new world arise !’
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin ;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within !
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made
May I for ever dwell !

H Y M N CXXV.

Rejoicing in Christ, the Believer's
Sanctification.

STILL, O my soul, prolong
The never-ceasing song :
Christ my theme, my hope, my joy,
His be all my happy days,
Praise, my ev'ry hour employ,
Ev'ry breath be spent in praise.

- 2 His would I wholly be,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me :
 Grief was all his life below,
 Pain and poverty, and loss :
 Mine the sins that bruis'd him so,
 Scourg'd and nail'd him to the cross.
- 3 He bore our curse and thrall,
 A spotless criminal ;
 Burthen'd with a world of guilt,
 Blacken'd with imputed sin ;
 Man to save, his blood was spilt,
 Dy'd to make the sinner clean.
- 4 Join heav'n and earth to bless
 The Lord our Right'ousness !
 Myst'ry of redemption this,
 This the Sav'our's strange design ;
 Man's offence was counted his,
 Ours his right'ousness divine.
- 5 In him complete we shine,
 His death, his life is mine :
 Fully am I justified,
 Sav'd from sin, from wrath set free ;
 Guiltless, since for me he died,
 Right'ous since he liv'd for me.
- 6 Jesu, to thee I bow,
 Save to the utmost thou !
 O the depth of love divine ;
 Who thy wisdom's stores can tell !
 Knowledge infinite is thine,
 All thy ways unsearchable !

H Y M N CXXVI.

Invitation of Sinners to Christ.

O For a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

101

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim;
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf, his praise, ye dumb,
Your loos'n'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Sav'our come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

H Y M N CXXVII.

A Prayer to CHRIST.

LAMB of God for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray,
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away;
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppress'd:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

- 2: Hast thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their sin?
Weary, I obey the call,
And come to be made clean:

Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
 O grant me now the promis'd rest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

- 3 . Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee ?
 No, my God, I would not doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me ;
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of Paradise possess'd :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Thanks for Preserving Grace.

LORD, and am I yet a live !
 Not in torments, not in hell !
 Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
 With the chief of sinners dwell !
 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair,
 Still in spite of sin I rise,
 Still to call thee mine I dare.

- 2 O the length of boundless love !
 Jesu, Sav'our, can it be ?
 All thy mercy's height I prove,
 All its depth is seen in me !
 O the miracle of grace !
 Tell it out to sinners, tell !
 Men, and fiends, and angels gaze
 I am, I am out of hell !

- 3 Turn aside, a sight t' admire,
 I the living wonder am !
 See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsum'd amidst the flame !

See a stone that hangs in air !
 See a spark in ocean dwell !
 Kept alive with death so near,
 I am, I am out of hell !

H Y M N CXXIX.

The Christian Race.

- A** WAKE, our souls (away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a chearful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But we forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r
 Is ever new, and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road !

H Y M N CXXX.

A Sinner's Prayer.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe :
 Simply would I now draw near,
 Thy blessings to receive :

Full

Full of guilt, alas, I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
 To thee I lift mine eye,
 Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy blood is always nigh :
 Now, as yesterday the same
 Thou art, and will for ever be,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me..

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure,
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor :
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery :
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

HYMN CXXXI.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Immanuel come,
 Take possession of thy home ;
 Now thy mercy's wing expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land.

2 Carry on thy victory,
 Spread thy rule from sea to sea,
 Re-convert thy ransom'd race,
 Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

3 O that ev'ry soul might be
 Suddenly subdu'd by thee !
 O that all in thee might know
 Everlasting life below !

- 4 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land:
Take possession of thy home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come !

H Y M N CXXXII.

I will love them freely.

O Free salvation ! glad art thou
Receiv'd by some, yet very few :
Men hardly all thy fame believe,
Nor credence to thy children give ;
Like Adam all themselves wou'd dress,
And hide with leaves their nakedness.

- 2 One says the news of thee is good,
Extols in words the Saviour's blood,
But will himself by works prepare
The blessed benefit to share :
' I must shake off my sin, he saith,
' E'er I am blest by Jesu's death.'

- 3 Another cries out, I must mourn,
Must weep e'er I again am born :
Must do my duty, then believe
God will thro' Jesus me receive :
Few, very few believe the Lamb,
Can freely love vile souls like them.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

O come let us sing to the Lord, let us
heartily rejoice in the God of our Salvation.

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master divine.
2 Him

- 2 Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor,
- 3 He worthy is blest'd
By spirits at rest,
Who once in this desert, his Godhead confess'd.
- 4 The heav'nly spheres,
Who saw him in tears,
Yea every strong angel, his person reveres.
- 5 The prophets who told
His sufferings of old,
Sing now sweet thanksgivings, on psalteries of gold
- 6 The fathers to whom
He shew'd he wou'd come,
Now in his pavilion, take up their long home.
- 7 The spirits of men,
Who for him are slain,
From Abel the right'ous, share now in his reign;
- 8 Th' apostles who stood
Resisting to blood,
For Jesus's gospel, rejoice in their God.
- 9 The confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright mitres, and thankfully bow.
- 10 O church of the Lamb,
Here met do the same,
With saints, and with angels, bless Jesus's name,
- 11 My soul bear a part,
For ransom'd thou art
By Jesu's bloodshedding, his burial, and smart.
- 12 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory, and honour, let all say Amen.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

By Grace are ye saved, thro' Faith.—Not
of Works, lest any Man should boast.

HOW long ye people will ye halt
Betwixt two wide opinions thus ?
How long will ye your works exalt,
Yet praise the blood of Jesu's cross.

2 If ye can Right'ousness obtain
By works, or what yourselves can do,
Then say of Christ, he died in vain,
Another way to heav'n we know.

3 But if without his shedding blood,
No one could e'er remission find ;
Then only mine the Lamb of God.
The Sav'our of the lost mankind.

4 Of works no more ye sinners boast,
But see his blood who lately dy'd
On Calv'ry to redeem the lost,
Look on him and be justify'd.

5 The Lord, the God, let sinners say,
The Lamb that bled himself to death,
The world's offences takes away,
And saves whoever comes by faith.

6 To him alone let all confess,
And for salvation bow the knee ;
He is the Lord our right'ousness,
He is the Sav'our only he.

H Y M N CXXXV.

He hath delivered us.

AND can it be that I should prove
The riches of our Sav'our's love ?
Can I experience this,

That

That Jesus dy'd a spotless Lamb
To take away my guilt and shame,
And buy me endless blifs ?

2 This is most certain, yet I see
With wonder this great mystery,
And bow my thankful knees ;
And give a thousand thanks to him,
Who shed the more than precious stream,
To purchase all my ease.

3 I late a poor weak sinner was,
Had broken my Creator's laws,
A slave to sense and sin ;
Then Jesus saw me, and releas'd
My captive soul, and on his breast,
In peace divine I lean.

4 While happiness like this I know,
Thee, Son of God, who dost bestow
These favours, I'll adore :
Thee will I bless, nor end my song,
Till 'midst yon high exalted throng
Eternally I soar !

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Ser-
vant O Lord.

Right'ous art thou, O God, yet let me plead,
Permit the vilest of the fallen race,
To tell his sin, and bow his guilty head,
Before thy mercy-seat, thy throne of grace.

2 As numerous as the stars, or countless sands,
My faults, backslidings, and transgressions are ;
Yet look upon my Sav'our's bleeding hands,
My pardon, Lord, my pardon's written there

3 Bring

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 109

- 3 Bring not in judgment me, nor call to mind,
Nor in the ballances my doings weigh :
But let me refuge in my sav'our find,
And hide me in him at the awful day !
- 4 I blush as I approach thee, and confess
My wicked life, my shame, and nakedness :
I know a poorer sinner than I am,
Ne'er ask'd for mercy, or implor'd thy name.
- 5 Yet vile and filthy as I am I come,
Thy gracious spirit faith, ' There still is
room,
Thro' all my guilt I make this pow'rful plea,
Our Sav'our dy'd to ransom such as me.
- 6 This makes me hope, yet makes my shame
increase,
How could I grieve such love, or friend like
this ?
O cover all my sin in thy long vest,
I part confess, Lord cover all the rest.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

Till the Day-Star arise in your Hearts.

BLESSED Jesus, King of Kings,
Who hast healing in thy wings,
Sweetly on my soul arise,
Shine from the eternal skies.

2 Bless'd with thy propitious rays,
Thee, O Jesus, will I praise :
One eternal song I'll bring,
And for ever love and sing.

3 Thou the Day-Star art, and I,
As thou risest will draw nigh,
Fearless to adore thy name,
O delightful matchless Lamb.

4 Let my darkness fly, and be
Wholly lost my God in thee :

K

Let

Let me in thy light perceive
Thee, and in thee ever live.

- 5 Close by thy most precious side,
May I evermore abide;
Never let me go from thee,
Here, nor in eternity.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

THANKSGIVING.

MEET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse in solemn praise.

- 2 Join, ye faints, the song around,
Angels help the chearful sound;
Publish thro' the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.
- 4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name!
Sav'our, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

HYMN CXXXIX.

This is the New Testament.

THE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds?
How sweet the mention of his wounds?
How good, how excellently good,
Is the bare name of Jesu's blood?

- 2 What makes it so to me is this,
All that is Christ's my portion is :
I'm his and all I e'er shall be,
And all he has is made to me.
- 3 O what a great estate have I ?
A heav'n to all eternity !
I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me so,
Nor wou'd I greater riches know.
- 4 What did my Sav'our at his death
To me, unworthy me, bequeath ?
All that he had, his merits, blood,
He left me when he went to God.
- 5 O Jesus but unloose my tongue,
And grace shall be my ceaseless song ;
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely in the Lamb.
- 6 I'll sing how poor I lately was,
How sad I sat beneath the cross ;
Till I by faith beheld thee die,
And now how rich, how glad am I.

H Y M N CXL.

Here I will dwell.

AH me, I'm never well but when
I on my best beloved lean,
Then I am never ill ;
Crosses and trials all are slight,
And pain is sweet and troubles light,
Come whatsoever will.

- 2 Here I could wish my greatest foe
Might rest like me, and happy know
The riches of the Lamb ;
The streets would then be full of praise,
Of Jesu's blood, his grac'ous ways,
His mercy and his name.

- 3 If Jesus will permit me, I
 Will leaning on him live and die,
 And great the blessing count ;
 My life, dear Lord, I'd live to thee,
 My death should also glorious be,
 Like Moses on the mount.
- 4 My sweet experience I'd proclaim
 To all the followers of the Lamb,
 Hear me, my friends, I say ;
 For I am happy, I am well,
 Belov'd of God, unchangeable !
 And with him night and day.

H Y M N CXLI.

HUMILIATION.

- L**ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Behold ! we fall before thy face,
 Our only refuge is thy grace ;
 No outward forms can make us clean,
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Jesus, our God, thy blood alone
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make our down cast hearts rejoice.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLII.

ANOTHER.

- L**ORD, we would spread our fore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes;
 Against thy laws, against thy grace,
 How high our crimes arise!
- 2 Should'st thou condemn our souls to hell,
 And crush our flesh to dust,
 Heav'n would approve thy veng'ance well,
 And earth must own it just.
- 3 Cleanse us, O Lord, and chear each soul
 With thy forgiving love;
 O make our broken spirits whole,
 And bid our pains remove.
- 4 Let not thy spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive us from thy face,
 Create anew our vicious hearts,
 And fill them with thy grace.

H Y M N CXLIII.

Infant Baptism.

- T**HUS did the sons of Abr'ham pass,
 Under the bloody seal of grace;
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
 His Father's cov'nant and his love;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant-race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
 Their children set apart for God,

His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

- 4 Let ev'ry faint with chearful voice
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham praise.

H Y M N CXLIV.

Adult Baptism.

D E S C E N D, celestial dove !
In ev'ry bosom dwell ;
Upon the present water move,
While we the influ'nce feel.

- 2 Anoint with holy fire,
Baptise with purging flames
This soul, and with thy grace inspire,
In ceaseless living streams.
- 3 Thy heav'nly unction give,
Thy promise, Lord, fulfil,
Give pow'r thy spirit to receive,
And strength to do thy will.
- 4 Thy ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the same ;
And with this water now convey
The virtues of thy name.
- 5 Witness to this thy sign,
And grant the inward grace ;
Let this thy servant seal'd for thine,
From hence depart in peace.

H Y M N CXLV.

I N V I T A T I O N .

C O M E, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love ;
My

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 115

My bosom inspire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine
For the comfort divine :
O when shall I say, My beloved is mine !
We chuse the good part,
When our portion thou art,
O love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart !

3 For this my heart sighs,
Nothing else can suffice :
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great
price ?
It cannot be bought ;
And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay ;
Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price
The pearl of forgiveness, and holiness, buys.

5 The blessing is free :
So, Lord, let it be ;
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
May I freely receive
What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden to live !

6 The gift I'd embrace,
The Giver I'd praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace :
Give me, Lord, from above
The foretaste to prove
That I soon may receive all thy fulness of love.

H Y M N

ve ;
My

HYMN CXLVI.

This is the Victory that overcometh the
World, even our Faith.

- O Tell me no more
Of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort : go after him,
go !
- 4 Lo ! onward I move,
And but Christ above
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.
- 5 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin ;
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within.
- 6 Perhaps for his name,
Poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.
- 7 I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
- 8 And when I'm to die,
' Receive me,' I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
- 9 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

HYMN

H Y M N CXLVII.

Invitation to Sinners.

ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his !
 2 He dies to atone
 For sins not his own ;
 Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath
 done.
 O may we receive
 The peace he did leave,
 Who made intercession, ' My Father forgive !
 3 For you, and for me,
 He pray'd on the tree,
 The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.
 The sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
 4 My pardon I claim,
 For a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name :
 He purchas'd the grace,
 Which now I embrace :
 O Father, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my place.
 5 His death is my plea,
 My advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for
 me.
 Acquitted I was,
 When he bled on the cross,
 And by losing his life, he hath carry'd my cause.

H Y M N

HYMN CXLVIII.

- O** God of all grace,
 Thy goodness we praise ;
 Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.
 2 With joy we approve
 The design of thy love ;
 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
 3 Tongue cannot explain
 That love of God-Man,
 Which the angels desire to look into in vain.
 4 It dazzles our eyes ;
 Thought cannot arise,
 To find out a cause why the infinite dies.
 5 Or if pity inclin'd
 Him to die for mankind,
 The ground of his pity what seraph can find ?
 6 He came from above,
 Our curse to remove ;
 He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he *would*
 love.
 7 Love mov'd him to die,
 And on this we rely :
 He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell
 why !
 8 But this we can tell,
 He hath lov'd us so well,
 As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.
 9 He hath ransom'd our race ;
 O how shall we praise,
 Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace ?
 10 Nothing else will we know
 In our journey below,
 But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

HYMN

H Y M N CXLIX.

We seek a better Country.

- C**OME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue;
 With vigour arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies.
- 2 Of heavenly birth,
 Though wand'ring on earth;
 This is not our place,
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 3 At Jesus's call
 We gave up our all,
 And still we forego
 For Jesus's sake our enjoyment below.
- 4 No comfort we find
 In the country behind,
 But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above.
- 5 A country of joy,
 Without any alloy,
 We thither repair;
 Our heart and our treasure already are there.
- 6 Let's march hand in hand,
 To Immanuel's land,
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.
- 7 The rougher the way
 The shorter our stay;
 The troubles that come
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.
- 8 The fiercer the blast
 The sooner 'tis past;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

H Y M N

HYMN CL.

Solomon's Song, Chap. ii. vers. 8, &c.

- T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds,
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass,
 He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue ;
 Rise, faith my Lord, and haste away,
 No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
 The sacred turtle dove we hear
 Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,
 Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit ;
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when I hear my Jesus say,
 " Rise up, my love, make haste away !"
 My heart would fain out-fly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN CLI.

Verse 14, &c.

DEAR Lord, my thankful heart receives
 The hopes thine invitation gives :
 To thee my joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.

- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join :
Nor let a motion, or a word,
Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 3 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning-light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green ;
Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My love, my Sav'our, from my side.

H Y M N CLII.

Chap. iii. Ver. 2, &c.

J E S U S, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, increase our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

L

H Y M N

HYMN CLIII.

Chap. iv. vers. 1, &c.

- K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
 Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
 "Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
 "Bound to my heart by various ties.
- 2 "Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me;
 "I will behold no spot in thee."
 What mighty wonders love performs,
 That puts a comeliness on worms!
- 3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
 Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair;
 Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,
 Thy graces, and thy righteousness.
- 4 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
 Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet, or force my stay
 From thee: Come, Saviour, come away.
- 5 O may my spirit daily rise
 On wings of faith above the skies,
 Till death shall make my last remove,
 To dwell for ever with my love.

HYMN CLIV.

Behold he cometh, and every Eye shall
 see him; and they also which pierced him.—
 Even so, Amen. Rev. i, 7.

LO he cometh, countless trumpets
 Blow before the bloody sign,
 'Midst ten-thousand saints and angels
 See the glorified shine.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.

- 2 Now his merit by the harpers
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds,
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds.
They who pierc'd him, They, &c. They, &c.
They, &c.
Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment, Come, &c. Come, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.
- 4 Now who love him view his glory,
Shining in his bruised face ;
His dear person on the rainbow,
Now his peoples head shall raise.
Happy mourners, Happy, &c. Happy, &c.
Lo on clouds he comes, he comes.
- 5 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All his people, once despised,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determined
Every evil to destroy ;
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come
quickly,
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

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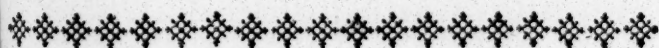
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H Y M N S

O N T H E

L O R D ' S S U P P E R .



H Y M N C L V .

The L O R D ' S S U P P E R instituted,
1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake :
What love thro' all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !

" This is my body, broke for sin,
" Receive, and eat the living food : "
Then took the cup, and blest'd the wine ;
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood. "

For as his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;

And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 " Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying friend;
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat,
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N CLVI.

COME all who truly bear,
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word:
Hereby your faith approve,
In Jesus crucified,
In mem'ry of my dying love
Do this, he said, and dy'd.

- 2 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name,
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb:
In proof that such we are
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

- 3 Part of the church below
 We thus our right maintain,
 Our living membership we shew,
 And in the fold remain ;
 The sheep of Israel's fold.
 In England's pastures fed,
 And fellowship with all we hold
 Who hold it with our head.

H Y M N CLVII.

- J E S U, at whose supreme command
 We thus approach to God,
 Before us in thy vesture stand,
 Thy vesture dipt in blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious word
 We break the hallow'd bread,
 Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
 And trust on thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Sav'our, now thyself reveal,
 And make thy nature known,
 Affix the sacramental seal,
 And stamp us for thine own.
- 4 The tokens of thy dying love,
 O let us all receive,
 And feel the quick'ning spirit move,
 And *sensibly* believe.
- 5 The cup of blessing blest by thee,
 Let it thy blood impart ;
 The bread thy mystic body be,
 And cheer each languid heart.
- 6 The grace which SURE salvation brings
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Sate the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.

H Y M N

HYMN CLVIII.

Communion with Christ and with Saints.

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- J**ESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;
 He bids us drink his blood :
 Amazing favour ! matchless grace
 Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine,
 Maintains our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls
 Christ and his members one ;
 We the young children of his love,
 And he the first-born son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
 Of the same broken bread ;
 One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN CLIX.

JESUS, dear, redeeming Lord,
 Magnify thy dying word,
 In thine ordinance appear,
 Come, and meet thy followers here.

- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
 Let us now our Sav'our find,
 Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
 Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
 Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
 Thou that hast for sinners died,
 Shew thyself the crucified !

H Y M N CLX.

O God, that hear'st the pray'r,
 Attend thy people's cry,
 Who to thy house repair,
 And on thy death rely,
 Thy death which now we call to mind,
 And trust our legacies to find.

- 2 Thou meetest them that joy
 In these thy ways to go,
 And to thy praise employ
 Their happy lives below,
 And still within thy temple gate
 For all thy promis'd mercies wait.

- 3 We wait t'obtain them now,
 We seek thee crucify'd,
 And at thy table bow;
 And long to feel apply'd
 The blood for our redemption giv'n,
 And eat the bread that came from heav'n.

- 4 Come then, our dying Lord,
 To us thy goodness shew,
 In honour of thy word
 The inward grace bestow,
 And magnify the sacred sign,
 And prove the ordinance divine.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXI.

Incomparable Food : Or, The Flesh and
Blood of Christ.

WE sing the amazing deeds,
That grace divine performs ;
Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul reviving wine,
Dear Sav'our, 'tis thy blood :
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things ;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam fought,
And search'd his garden round ;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food ;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Sav'our's blood.

6 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ :
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

H Y M N CLXII.

ANOTHER.

- J**ESUS! we bow before thy feet!
 Thy table is divinely stor'd;
 Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
 'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Sav'our's blood;
 We thank thee, Lord; 'tis gen'rous wine,
 Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
 From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
 For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food:
 In vain we search the globe around
 For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best
 But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
 But the rich cordial that we taste,
 Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
 His name our souls for ever bless;
 To God the King, and God the Priest
 A loud Hosannah round the place.

H Y M N CLXIII.

HEARTS of stone relent, relent,
 Break by Jesu's cross subdued,
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Murther'd GOD's eternal Son!

2 Yea,

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix'd him here,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pearc'd him with the soldier's spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice ;
 For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Can we view him thus in pain ?
 Still to death pursue our God ?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood ?
 No ; with all our sins we'd part,
 Sav'our, give a broken heart !

H Y M N CLXIV.

- A**LL glory and praise
 To the ancient of days,
 Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost
 Race.
- 2 Salvation to God,
 Who carried our load,
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of his
 Blood.
- 3 And shall he not have
 The lives which he gave
 Such an infinite ransom for ever to save.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
 And gladly resign
 Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.
- 5 We yield thee thine own,
 We'd serve thee alone,
 Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.
- 6 How, when shall it be
 We cannot foresee ;
 But oh ! let us live, let us die unto thee !

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXV.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
 And realize the sign,
 Thy life infuse into the bread,
 Thy power into the wine.
 2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heavenly art
 Fit channels to convey thy love
 To every faithful heart.

H Y M N CLXVI.

D YING friend of sinners, hear us
 Humbly at thy cross who lie,
 In thine ordinance be near us
 Now th' ungodly justify :
 Let thy bowels of compassion
 To thy ransom'd creatures move,
 Shew us all thy great salvation,
 God of truth and God of love.
 2 By thy meritorious dying
 Save us from this death of sin,
 By thy precious blood's applying
 Make our inmost nature clean ;
 Give us worthily t'adore thee
 Thou our full Redeemer be,
 Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
 Peace, and power, and heaven in thee.

H Y M N CLXVII.

I N that sad memorable night,
 When Jesus was for us betray'd,
 He left his death recording rite,
 He took, and blest'd, and brake the bread :
 M And

- And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent exprest :
- 2 Take eat, this is my body giv'n,
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon and holiness and heav'n;
Do this, my dying love to shew,
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me.
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And full of kind concern look'd up,
And gave what he to them had blest,
And drink ye all of this he said,
In solemn mem'ry of the dead.
- 4 This is my blood which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace,
My blood so freely shed for you,
For you and for the sinful race ;
My blood that speaks your sins forgiv'n,
And justifies your claim to heav'n.
- 5 The grace which I to you bequeath
In this divine memorial, take,
And, mindful of your Saviour's death,
Do this my followers, for my sake,
My dying love I will retain,
And you eternal life shall gain.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

The Memorial of our absent Lord
John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 135

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood,
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy chariots awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

H Y M N CLXIX.

TIS done ! th' atoning work is done :
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies !
All nature feels th' important groan
Loud-ecchoing through the earth and skies ;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black !

The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head,
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead.
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

- 3 And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan ?
 O Saviour let thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rent our hearts of stone ;
 To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

H Y M N CLXX.

- S**ONS of GOD, triumphant rise,
 Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice ;
 Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
 Sons of GOD, and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Saints that now to Christ belong,
 List'ning angels join the song ;
 Sing with us, ye heav'nly powers,
 Pardon, grace, and glory ours !
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done ;
 Greet we now th' atoning Son,
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
 Join'd to Christ, and one with GOD.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,
 Peace divine in Christ we feel,
 Pardon to our souls applied,
 Dead for you, for me he died.
- 5 Christ by faith we taste below,
 Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
 When his utmost grace we prove.
 Rise to heaven in perfect love.

H Y M N CLXXI.

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
 Awakes a thankful tongue :
 How rich he spread his royal board,
 And bless'd the food, and sung.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

137

Happy the men that eat this bread,
But doubly blest'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on Thee.

By faith, the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesu's breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.

Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below !
And yet he feeds his faints above
With nobler blessings too.

Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest !
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

H Y M N CLXXII.

AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnish'd with mystick wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life thyself hath giv'n,
And feed, and train us up for heav'n.

Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love.
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fulness prove,
And strengthen'd by thy perfect grace,
Behold, without a veil, thy face.

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H Y M N

HYMN CLXXIII.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

- S**ITTING around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath ;
 When faith beholds our dying Lord,
 We doom our sins to death.
- 2 'Tis thro' the blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our pardons rise ;
 The sinner views th' atonement made,
 And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
 Procures us heav'nly crowns :
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss ;
 Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,
 Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
 Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN CLXXIV.

The Provisions for the Table of our
 Lord : Or, The Tree of Life, and River of
 Love.

- L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
 And sing the solemn feast,
 Where sweet celestial dainties stand
 For ev'ry willing guest,
- 2 The tree of life adorns the board
 With rich immortal fruit,
 And ne'er an angry flaming sword
 To guard the passage to't.

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 139

- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice ;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down stream'ing, for our use,
In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd ;
Lord spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout, and proclaim the Sav'our's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine ;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud Hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this ;
Hosanna ! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

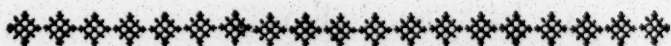
H Y M N S



H Y M N S

F O R

SOCIETY, &c.



H Y M N CLXXV.

To J E S U S C H R I S T.

WHO can have greater cause to sing,
Who greater cause to bless,
Than we the children of the King ?
Than we who Christ possess ?
Than we who Christ possess !
Than we who Christ possess !

2 With angel hosts, dear Lamb, we join,
To praise thy love and pow'r :
To magnify thy grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor ! &c. &c.

3 We late were satan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,
Hadst thou not for our pardon bled,
Thou sinners only friend ? &c. &c.

4 For

And SPIRITUAL SONGS. 141

- 4 For this we ne'er will hold our tongue,
Nor shall our praises cease :
We evermore will sing that song,
The Lord our righteousness ! &c. &c.
- 5 No other GOD we know but thee,
None else did us create :
Thy glory shall we ever be,
O holy advocate ! &c. &c.
- 6 'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
The mediator's place,
When we the Father's statutes brake :
All hail thou Prince of peace ! &c. &c.
- 7 We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see :
Thou bearest still a Sav'our's name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be ! &c. &c.
- 8 No law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
Shall us from thee divide :
Strongly we hold that precious faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd ! &c. &c.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below !

- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of GOD !
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

- 3 We give the sacred spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus

- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

CHILDREN of the Lord rejoice,
Praise him with a chearful voice ;
*Gladly we with you agree,
Reason have our company.*

- 2 Have you reason ? we have more,
We by him of heav'n are sure ;
*Favour'd like ye, we are too,
Seal'd the Lamb of God to view.*

- 3 Great salvation have we seen,
In him lately slain for men ;
*Blessed be our Saviour's name,
We have also seen the same.*

- 4 Worthy is the Lord we cry,
Christ who deign'd for us to die ;
*Worthy is the Lamb say we,
Christ, who dy'd on yonder's tree.*

- 5 Jesus, yet unseen, we'll bless,
Till we 'wake in right'ousness ;
*Jesus will we ever own,
Worthy of our thanks alone.*

- 6 Hallelujah be our song,
Sound for ever on our tongue ;
*Hallelujah us employ,
Till we enter perfect joy.*

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

O Lead us near the mount of God,
And there thy servants meet ;
There let us view thy sprinkling blood,
There worship at thy feet.

- 2 Up Calv'ry lead our souls by faith,
To hear thy groans and cries ;
To see the Lamb's attoning death
And glorious sacrifice.
- 3 Here may we learn of thee our Lord,
The myst'ries of thy blood ;
Till we shall hear that wish'd for word,
Come up and be with God.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward !
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN CLXXX.

- J**EHOVAH, Jesus, Lord of all,
 We sinners would adore thy name,
 Drawn by thy Spirit's pow'r, we call
 On Thee, some blessing to obtain.
- 2 Lord, by a flame of love divine,
 O melt, O warm each frozen heart!
 On dark, distressed spirits shine
 With light of life, and joy impart.
- 3 Where is the drooping spirit? Lord
 Thou know'st, and hear'st its heart-felt groans
 And wilt thou not thy peace afford?
 Can'st thou refuse the sinner's moans?
- 4 Is there no promise in thy word?
 No love within thy tender breast,
 To comfort sinners self abhorr'd,
 And sooth their troubled souls to rest?
- 5 To search thy word in vain we try,
 Thy love we cannot know nor feel,
 Unless thy Spirit doth apply,
 And thou thyself thy love reveal.
- 6 Immanuel *Now* to us appear!
 Jesus, *talk with us by the way!*
 Dispel each doubt, and dry each tear,
 And cause each heart to burn with joy.

HYMN CLXXXI.

- J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree,
 Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come and spread thy banner here.

- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To the church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

The Pilgrim's Hymn, in a Dialogue.

TELL us, O women ! we would know
Whither so fast ye move ?
*We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.*

2 Whence came ye, say——and what the place
That ye are trav'ling from ?
*From tribulation, we thro' grace
Are now returning home.*

3 Is not your native country here
The place of your abode ?
*We seek a better country far
A City built by God.*

4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest :
*Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary souls are bless'd.*

5 Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign :
Saviour, we ask no more :
*Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heaven and earth adore !*

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H Y M N

HYMN CLXXXIII.

- I**F any ask us why we love
 The once despised Nazareen?
 We say, because we gladly prove
 He died to take away our sin;
 He, Lord of all things, died to make us his:
 How can we chuse but love a friend like this?
- 2 The former part of our bad life
 We all were enemies to him;
 We caus'd him smarting pain and grief;
 And did his mercy disesteem:
 Yea, since he gain'd us, he might oft upbraid,
 And charge our folly on each guilty head.
- 3 I very often serious think
 What made the Lamb of God love me?
 A soul that stood upon the brink
 Of being lost eternally:
 And nothing can I answer, but my God
 Did love a poor lost soul because he wou'd.
- 4 My fellows, my companions, hear,
 Ye souls who once like me went on,
 Yield to the Lord, my Master dear,
 Prove ye the Lamb, and ye will own
 He's only excellent, and only pure,
 The pleasures found in him alone endure.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

- T**HE Bridegroom is near,
 And seeth us here;
 His heart is inflam'd
 To us sinful wretches; this makes us asham'd.
 2 What

- 2 What are we but dust,
Slaves once of each lust ?
How could we be free,
But by the dear Bridegroom, who bled on the
tree?
- 3 He bought us by blood,
To his and our God ;
And chose for his own
Us sinners, before e'er his love we had known.
- 4 My dear brethren see,
How frozen were we,
And wand'ring about :
But Jesus did fetch us, and warm us throughout.
- 5 No threat'nings at all
We heard in his call ;
" I died for your rest,
" Be chearful, tho' sinful, and lean on my
breast."
- 6 If we know him thus.
Each member of us
Should gladly look round,
Where hundred or thousand lost sheep might be
found.
- 7 Dear brethren, 'tis right
To wait day and night ;
It is now his hour.
He is ready to give us his light, life and pow'r.
- 8 From this very day
We will not delay
To follow the Lamb,
To serve him with gladness, and live for his
name.
- 9 We will nought diffuse
But this welcome news :
" The Lamb has been slain ;"
This text we will preach of again, and again.

- 10 This ent'reth thy ear,
 O Bridegroom most dear !
 Thou Lamb that wert slain,
 O be thou the leader of us and our train.

HYMN CLXXXV.

WE all the sinner's tract have trod,
 Like sheep we all have stray'd :
 In sackcloth let us seek for God,
 With dust upon our head.

- 2 Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
 And let us tell our sin ;
 Who knows, if we our folly own,
 But Christ will make us clean.
- 3 Behold, O Lamb of God, a race
 Of wretched rebels come,
 'Naked and poor, O let thy grace
 Afford thy children room.
- 4 We own that we the world have lov'd,
 Have many idols known ;
 Pray let thy wrath be all remov'd,
 Nor pour thy fury down.
- 5 Think on the holy covenant,
 And then, tho' we have sinn'd,
 Kindly forgive us,—this we want,
 O Lord, our only friend.
- 6 We mourn, that we have griev'd thee thus,
 Thou dearest Lamb, and true ;
 Who never hurt, nor injur'd us,
 Thy love is ever new.
- 7 Lord, can'st thou pardon souls so vile !
 We know thou can'st and wilt :
 If we are the Redeemer's spoil,
 For whom his blood was spilt.

- 8 Tho' we are sin, O may we view,
Our Saviour's bloody sign :
To poor stray'd sheep thy mercy shew,
And say, *Ye still are mine.*

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

- T**HANKS to thy mercy, dearest Lamb,
That we, tho' late, have known thy name;
Those things from wiser minds conceal'd,
To us thy babes, have been reveal'd ;
- 2 What are we worms, or what our ways,
(To thee vile rebels all our days)
That to our souls thou still hold'st forth
A treasure of unfathom'd worth ?
- 3 And can it be these sinful eyes
Have spied where that great treasure lies,
Have been directed to the ground
Where present blessedness is found ?
- 4 Well, gracious Lord, thy will be done !
Sinners thou sav'st, and I am one :
From this vain world henceforth I'd part,
And to thy service give my heart.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

At Meeting.

- B**LEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo ! we meet again in peace ;
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a most glorious place !
- 2 When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy shall we reign ;
Ever with our Sav'our live,
'Midst a host of perfect men.

- 3 There shall sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear,
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We shall stand made free from fear.
- 4 Come, dear brethren, joyful, come,
Forward, boldly let us press,
Humbly let our souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's right'ousness.
- 5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family compleat.
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the house above shall meet,
- 6 Master, hasten on thy day,
Glorious to thy judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling saints away,
Lord, we long to be at home !

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

At Dismission.

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
When he appoints to go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below,
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know besides ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd,

4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day :
Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

I WILL lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my rest ;
Me commend to Jesu's grace ;
And as upon his breast,
So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
While troops of angels are my guard,
O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great reward.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore ;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth, our praise may claim ;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

H Y M N

HYMN CLXXXIX.

For a FUNERAL.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how nigh it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead :
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 3 Then should we see the faints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

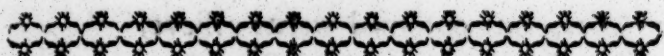
HYMN CXC.

ANOTHER.

MOURN not the dead, nor wail the man
Who dwells no more below ;
Weep for yourselves, and be in pain,
To see approaching woe.

- 2 O unconverted sinners, see
The judgment hastens on :
You to the bar shall summon'd be
With him before you gone.
- 3 To you 'twill be a day of fire,
Gloomy, and dismal too :
But shall fulfil those souls' desire
Who knew the Lamb below.
- 4 Of this blest number, God of love,
Ordain unworthy me ;
And when I from the earth shall move,
I'll come and dwell with thee.

GRACES



GRACES.

Before Meat.

FATHER of earth and heaven,
Thy hungry children feed,
Thy grace be to our spirits given,
That true immortal bread:
Grant us, and all our race
In Jesus Christ to prove
The sweetness of thy pard'ning grace,
The manna of thy love.

O Father of all
Who fillest with good
The ravens that call
On thee for their food;
Them ready to perish
Thou lov'st to sustain,
And wilt thou not cherish
The children of men?

2 On thee we depend
Our wants to supply,
Whose goodness doth send
Us bread from the sky:
On earth do thou give us
To taste of thy love,
And shortly receive us
To banquet above.

O Thou whose bowels yearn'd to see
The hungry crowd that follow'd thee,
And nothing had to eat;
Pity again the famish'd throng,
Who have with thee continued long,
And faint for want of meat.

2 Jesus

2 Jesus, our outward wants relieve,
 But O ! the food immortal give
 Our empty souls to fill ;
 Sustain us by thy pard'ning grace,
 And bring us thro' this wilderness,
 To thy celestial hill.

BE present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;
 These creatures bless, and grant that we,
 May feast in paradise with thee.

At, or after Meat.

GLORY, love, and praise, and honour
 For our food
 Now bestow'd
 Render we the donor.
 Bounteous God, we now confess thee,
 God, who thus
 Blesseth us,
 Meet it is to bless thee.

2 Knows the ox his master's stable,
 And shall we
 Not know thee,
 Nourish'd at thy table ?
 Yes, of all good gifts the giver
 Thee we own,
 Thee alone
 Magnify for ever.

O God of all grace
 Thy bounty we praise,
 And joyfully sing,
 Poor beggars admitted to feast with a King.
 The honour we claim
 In Jesus's name ;
 Now may we receive,
 And happy in Jesus's presence may live.

2 How royal the cheer
When Jesus is here !
The scantiest meal
Is feasting indeed when his favour we feel.
In his pard'ning peace
May we all things possess,
And richly enjoy,
A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.

3 Thee, Sav'our, to know
Is heav'n below
May we witnesses be
That heav'n is found in the knowledge of thee :
Thee, Jesus, let's taste,
And oh let it last,
This sense of thy love,
Till with all the Assembly we banquet above.

THANKFUL we for every blessing
Let us sing,
Christ the spring,
Never never ceasing.
Source of all our gifts and graces,
Christ we own,
Christ alone
Calls for all our praises.

2 He dispels our sin and sadness
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.
Christ himself for us hath given,
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

BLESSING to God, for ever blest,
To God the master of the feast,
Who hath for us a table spread,
And in this howling desert fed,
Jesus with all thy gifts impart
The crown of all, a thankful heart !

Father

FAther, thro' thy Son receive
 Our grateful sacrifice.
 All the wants of all that live
 Thine open hand supplies,
 Fills the world with plenteous food;
 For the riches of thy grace,
 Take, thou universal God,
 The universal praise.

GLORIA PATRI.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal glory given,
 Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And saints in earth and heaven.

FAATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one,
 As by the celestial host
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FAATHER of all above, below,
 Thy praise let every creature shew,
 In thee who live and move and are;
 The Father's fellow and his Son
 Eternal sharer of his throne
 Let all in heav'n and earth declare.

F I N I S.



SUPPLEMENT.

H Y M N I.

At the opening of WORSHIP.

NO W may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love !

- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess ;
Unless thou'rt present here ;
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless pray'r,
- 3 Wake heav'nly wind, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field ;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch, with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.
- 5 Hasten the restitution-day,
Which now corruption shrouds ;
New heav'ns, and new earth display,
With Jesus in the clouds.

O

H Y M N

HYMN II.

ANOTHER.

ONCE more we come before our God,
 Once more his blessing ask ;
 O may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task !

- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
 From heav'n in Jesu's name,
 To make our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart ;
 Hoard up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
 To each thy blessing suit ;
 And let the seed thy servant sows
 Produce a plent'ous fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake ;
 Say to the south wind blow ;
 Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
 And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
 The cold with warmth divine ;
 And as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

HYMN III.

Another before Speaking.

GLORY to God, who gave the word,
 And bid the preachers cry ;
 Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
 And brought salvation nigh.

- 2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear ;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly feed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.
- 3 O may thy word direct our path,
And guide our fault'ring feet ;
Direct us in the living way,
And to thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Fountain of everlasting life,
Of bliss, and truth, and good ;
Give us (that we may never thirst)
To drink of Jesu's blood.
- 5 Fill every hungry soul, who cries,
From thine exhaustless store ;
And let no one go empty hence,
But taste, and pray for more.
- 6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal word ;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord.

H Y M N IV.

After S P E A K I N G.

WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word ;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

- 2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n.
- 3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

- 4 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 5 Then tho' we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.
- 6 Our lives now hid with Christ,
With him shall soon appear;
And we array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

H Y M N V.

MALACHI iv, 2.

- O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing:
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul
Thy free salvation bring.
- 2 All clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thine all piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From vile desires set free,
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long lost child receive,
Saviour thy purchase own;
Blest comforter, with peace and joy
Thy waiting creature crown.

H Y M N VI.

For FAITH.

AUTHOR of true and saving faith,
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
A new believing heart.

- 2 Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
My reasoning's voice controul;
Lord, shew thyself a sinner's friend,
And bless my helpless soul.
- 3 At times thy word's attracting beams
Have drawn my soul above;
Diffusing thro' my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.
- 4 Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But ah! the blessing did not last,
The visitant pass'd by.
- 5 And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love;
Shall I be join'd with saints below,
And not with saints above?
- 6 Shall I beneath the gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace;
And at the awful judgment day
Be banish'd from thy face?
- 7 Lord, grant me to believe in hope,
That soon thou wilt me bless;
And at the last wilt raise me up,
A kingdom to possess.

H Y M N

H Y M N VII.

Longing after God.

GREAT GOD ! indulge my humble claim,
 Be thou my joy, my hope, my rest ;
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest !

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Be thou my father and my God !
 And make me thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look ;
 As trav'lers do in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The Lord my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N VIII.

A SINNER'S Prayer.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That I shall find my all in thee ;
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love ?

2 Thee, only thee I fain wou'd find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind ;
 An helpless soul I come to thee,
 With only sin and misery.

3 Lord

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

163.

- 3 Lord I am sick, my sickness cure ;
I want, do thou enrich the poor :
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might ;
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee,

H Y M N IX.

Desiring CHRIST.

- C O M E, O thou universal good !
Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary wand'ring pilgrim's home ;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin !
- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight !
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

H Y M N X.

CHRIST precious to a Believer.

- J E S U S, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain wou'd I found it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All

- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 O may thy grace still chear my heart !
And shed its fragrance there !
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death !

HYMN XI.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

- JESU, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim ;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.

- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

H Y M N XII.

Rejoicing in Hope.

MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praise ;
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore !
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my king !
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 5 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour, and my God ;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 6 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song ;
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

H Y M N

HYMN XIII.

CONFIDENCE.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my maker in my song:
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
 Not all thy works, and names below,
 So much thy pow'r and glory shew.
- 3 To God I cry'd when trouble rose,
 He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
 He did my rising fears controul,
 And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
 Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will compleat what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows, or from sins;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

HYMN XIV.

A Divine Rapture.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.

- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest'd abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

H Y M N XV.

God our only Happiness.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 'tis night.

4 And

- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amidst the shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
We praise thy name for all these things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
And what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without my Jesus, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let other stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N XVI.

H E B R E W S vi, 17—19.

HOW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God ?
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

- 2 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope, is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

3 The gospel bears my spirits up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

H Y M N XVII.

J O H N xiii. 1.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N XVIII.

God glorious and Sinners saved.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy great design,
To save rebellious worms ;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

P

4 Here

- 4 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN XIX.

Preserving GRACE.

- T**O GOD the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His council and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd, and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our redeeming God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs,

H Y M N XX.

God's Omniprescience.

- L**ORD, all I am is known to thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're form'd within,
 And e're my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

H Y M N XXI.

Sight of God and CHRIST in Heaven.

DEscend from heav'n, immortal dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things.

- 2 O for a fight, a pleasing fight !
Of our almighty father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 5 Adoring faints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love.

HYMN XXII.

Looking to JESUS.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on the throne !
His labours are o'er,
His conquests are won.
A kingdom is given
Into the Lamb's hand,
In earth and in heaven,
For ever to stand.

- 2 Ye sinners below
Then trust in the Lord,
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word :
A thirst for his favour,
His godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore !

H Y M N XXIII.

C A L V A R Y.

L A M B of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recal to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find :
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling soul release :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray ;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and fet us free,
 From all iniquity release :
 O remember, &c

3 Let thy blood by faith apply'd,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our sickness heal.
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
 O remember, &c.

4 Never would we hence depart,
 Till thou our wants relieve ;
 Write forgiveness on our hearts,
 And all thine image give.
 Still our souls shall cry to thee,
 'Till all renew'd in holiness ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

HYMN XXIV.

- C**OME, descend, O heav'nly spirit,
 Fan each spark into a flame;
 Blessings let us now inherit,
 Blessings that we cannot name:
 Whilst hosannas we are singing,
 May our hearts in rapture move;
 Feel new grace in them still springing,
 Breathe the air of purest love.
- 2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
 Float on that unbounded sea,
 Guided into pure devotion,
 Kept from paths of error free:
 On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe:
 Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee we would forego.
- 3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion
 Daily nearer drawn to thee;
 Sinking in the sweetest union,
 Of that heart-felt mystery:
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms;
 Free from sin, and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

HYMN XXV.

- O** Let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus, the crucify'd!
 What hast thou done our hearts to gain,
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 Let love command our hearts.

3 Who

And SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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- 3 Who wou'd not now pursue the way,
Where Jesus footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing fway
Of charity divine ?
- 4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
" See how these Christians love !"

H Y M N XXVI.

At D I S M I S S I O N .

- D** ismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word :
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

H Y M N XXVII.

M O R N I N G .

- R** ISE, my soul, adore thy maker
Angels praise, join the lays,
With them be partaker.
- 2 Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay, all this day,
Ever my director.

4 Leave

- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 6 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in Three, give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

H Y M N XXVIII.

EVENING.

'E RE I sleep for ev'ry favour,
This day shew'd by my GOD,
I will bless my Saviour.

- 2 O my Lord ! what shall I render
To thy name, still the same,
Gracious good and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy salvation,
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.
- 5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tow'r,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me, with all thy pow'r.
- 6 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

H Y M N XXIX.

LORD'S Day Evening.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I,
Behold thee all serene ?
Blest in perpetual sabbath day,
Without a veil between ?

- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.
- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy spirit, O my father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

H Y M N XXX.

A Funeral Hymn.

AH ! lovely appearance of death,
No sight upon earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare ;

With

- With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind ;
How easy the soul that hath left
The wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
The fountains could yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free ;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe ;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death ;
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become ;
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb

H Y M N XXXI.

ANOTHER.

- H** Osanna to Jesus on high !
 Another has enter'd his rest ;
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast :
 The soul of our brother is gone
 To heighten the triumph above ;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne !
 Exalted by Jesus's love !
- 2 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name !
 The saints, whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from this dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?
 My merciful God—Is it I ?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy council of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart :
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N

HYMN XXXII.

Life and Eternity.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase,
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves one the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things ;
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe
 Attend on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXIII.

The Fast - Hymn.

- T**HE mighty God that reigns on high,
 Inhabiting eternity;
 Who makes the heav'n of heav'ns his throne,
 The holy, high, and lofty one.
- 2 Before the splendor of whose rays
 The brightest angel veils his face,
 While all the host with one accord
 Cry, holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 This God (so humble is his love)
 Stoops to behold the things above:
 But lower still that love can go,
 And stoop to visit worms below.
- 4 His royal state aside he laid,
 Came down to earth, a man was made,
 To make poor men the sons of God,
 And pay the debt his brethren ow'd.
- 5 With sinners (condescension great)
 With sinners Jesus deign'd to eat;
 And tempted in the desert vast,
 For sinners he vouchsaf'd to fast.
- 6 Hunger and thirst with willing mind
 He underwent, nor once repin'd;
 Content beneath our load to groan,
 And make our woes and wants his own.
- 7 Now, Christian, offer pray'r and praise;
 Acknowledge him in all thy ways.
 Nor alms nor fastings disesteem;
 For God accepts them all in him.
- 8 Fear not; thy gracious God in love
 Thy pray'rs will hear, thy fasts approve.
 For what good thing can he deny,
 Who gave his only son to die?

Q

H Y M N

HYMN XXXIV.

For a public Fast.

LORD, look on all assembled here;
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united pray'r
 For this our sinful land.

- 2 Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
 Our country might find grace.
 Now hear the same petitions made
 In this appointed place.
- 3 Or, if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their sin,
 They have not cried for mercy yet ;
 Lord, let them now begin.
- 4 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
 By whom their pray'rs succeed,
 Thy spir't of supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 We will not slack ; nor give thee rest ;
 But importune thee so,
 That, till we shall be by thee blest,
 We will not let thee go.
- 6 Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring.
 Guide those that hold the helm ;
 Support the state ; preserve the king ;
 And spare the guilty realm.
- 7 Or should the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel thy rod ;
 May faith and patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God.
- 8 Whatever be our destin'd case,
 Accept us in thy son.
 .. Give us his gospel, and his grace :
 And then thy will be done.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXV.

For the LORD'S SUPPER.

- T**HE blest memorials of thy grief
 Thy suff'rings and thy death
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
 But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens, sent us to relieve
 Our spirits, when they droop,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
 But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
 Our mournful minds to move,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
 But would receive with love.
- 4 Here in obedience to thy word
 We take the bread and wine ;
 The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
 For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love ;
 Lord, give us all that's good.
 We would thy full salvation prove,
 And share thy flesh and blood.

H Y M N XXXV.

A N O T H E R.

- P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word ;
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,
 A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room :
 And vent'ring hard behold I come.
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Amongst thy children, room for *me* ?

- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine :
 But oh ! my soul wants more than sign.
 I faint ; unless I feed on thee,
 And drink thy blood as shed for *me*.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed :
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed !
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free :
 O, magnify that grace in me.

H Y M N XXXVI.

The stony Heart.

- O**H ! for a glance of heav'nly day,
 To take this stubborn stone away.
 And thaw with beams of love divine
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rent ; the earth can quake ;
 The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things shew some sign ;
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt :
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought !) which devils fear.
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed :
 And that dear something much I need.
 Thy spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

H Y M N XXXVII.

C H A S T I S E M E N T.

- T**O thee, my God, I make my plaint;
 To thee my trembling soul draws near:
 Let not thy chaf'ning make me faint;
 Nor guilt overwhelm me with despair.
- 2 What tho' thou frown to try my faith?
 What tho' thy heavy hand afflict?
 Thou wilt not give me up to death;
 Nor enter into judgment strict.
- 3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Thy rod commands me to repent,
 If with my sin compar'd, 'tis light:
 And all in faithfulness is sent.
- 4 What would my blood avail, if spilt?
 Thou hast in richer blood been paid;
 When all my dreadful debt of guilt
 Was on my dying Saviour laid.
- 5 Then help me by thy grace to bear
 Whate'er thou send to purge my dross.
 If in his crown I hope to share,
 Why should I grudge to bear his cross?
- 6 Tho' thou severely with me deal,
 Still will I in thy mercy trust.
 Accomplish in me all thy will:
 Only remember, I am dust.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

The Brazen Serpent. Num. xxi.

WHEN the chosen tribes debated
 'Gainst their God as hardly treated,
 And complain'd their hopes were spilt;

God for murmur'ing to requite to them,
Fiery serpents sent to bite them,
Lively type of deadly guilt !

- 2 Stung by these they soon repented ;
And their God as soon relented.
Moses pray'd : He answer gave,
" Serpents are the beasts that strike them,
" Make, of brass, a serpent like them.
" That's the way I chuse to save."

- 3 Vain was bandage, oil, or plaister :
Rankling venom killed the faster ;
Till the serpent Moses took,
Rear'd it high that all-might view it,
Bid the bitten look up to it :
Life attended ev'ry look.

- 4 Jesus thus, for sinners smitten,
Wounded, bruised, serpent-bitten,
To his cross directs their faith.
Why should I then poison cherish ?
Why despair of cure, and perish ?
Look, my soul, tho' stung to death.

- 5 Thine's (alas !) a lost condition.
Works cannot work thee remission :
Nor thy goodness do thee good.
Death's within thee, all about thee ;
But the remedy's without thee :
See it in thy Saviour's blood.

- 6 See the Lord of glory dying !
See him gasping ! Hear him crying !
See his burden'd bosom heave !
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him ;
Look, how deep your sins have stung him !
Dying sinners, look, and live.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Relative Duties.

CHRISTIANS, in your sev'ral stations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due.
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour :
His command's the rule for you.

- 2 Parents, be to children tender,
Children, full obedience render
To your parents, in the Lord.
Never flight, nor disrespect them ;
Nor, through pride, when old reject them :
'Tis the precept of the word.

- 3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection,
Husbands, with a kind affection,
Cherish, as yourselves, your wives.
Masters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by justice, not by passion :
To the scriptures square your lives.

- 4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
Not unfaithful, not unruly,
To the good—nor to the bad ;
Not refusing what you're bidden,
Nor replying, when you're chidden :
'Tis the ordinance of God.

- 5 This shall solve th' important question,
Whether thou'rt a real christian,
Better than each golden dream.
Better far than lip-expression,
Tow'ring notions, great profession,
This shall shew your love to him.

H Y M N

HYMN XL.

Jesus oft-times resorted thither, with his
Disciples. John xviii. 2.

- J**ESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go ;
Near to *Kedron's* brook it lay ;
In this place he lov'd to be ;
And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.
- 2 'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of *Olivet*,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat.
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought *Gethsemane*.
- 3 Thither, by their master brought,
His disciples likewise came.
There the heav'nly truths, he taught,
Often set their hearts on flame.
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited *Gethsemane*.
- 4 Here they oft conversing sat ;
Or might join with Christ in pray'r.
Oh, what blest devotion's that,
When the Lord himself is there !
All things to them seem'd to agree
To endear *Gethsemane*.
- 5 Here no strangers durst intrude ;
But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Chear'd with sacred solitude,
Wrapt in contemplation sweet :
Yet how little could they see,
Why he chose *Gethsemane*.

- 6 Full of love to man's loft race
 On his conflict much he thought.
 This he knew the destin'd place :
 And he lov'd the sacred spot.
 Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
 Often in *Gethsemane*.

- 7 They his foll'wers, with the rest,
 Had incurr'd the wrath divine :
 And their Lord, with pity prest,
 Long'd to bear their loads—and mine.
 Love to them, and love to me
 Made him love *Gethsemane*.

- 8 Many woes had he endur'd,
 Many fore temptations met,
 Patient, and to pains inur'd :
 But the forest trial yet
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,
 Gloomy sad *Gethsemane* !

- 9 Came at length the dreadful night,
 Vengeance with it's iron rod
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
 Grovv'ling in *Gethsemane* !

- 10 View him in that *Olive Press*,
 Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in blood !
 View thy maker's deep distress !
 Hear the sighs and groans of God !
 Then reflect, what sin must be,
 Gazing on *Gethsemane*.

- 11 Poor disciples, tell me now,
 Where's the love ye lately had ?
 Where's that faith ye all could vow ?—
 But this hour is too too sad.
 'Tis not now for such as ye
 To support *Gethsemane*.

- 12 Oh, what wonders love has done !
But how little understood !
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that sweat of blood.
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful *Gethsemane* ?
- 13 There my God bore all my guilt ;
This thro' grace can be believ'd.
But the horrors which he felt,
Are to vast to be conceiv'd.
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark *Gethsemane* !
- 14 Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Wash'd by *Kedron's* waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds :
Think on these, my sinful soul.
Would'st thou sin's dominion flee ?
Call to mind *Gethsemane*.
- 15 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
(If there's one so vile as I)
Leave more righteous souls to boast :
Leave them ; and to refuge fly.
We may well bless that decree,
Which ordain'd *Gethsemane*.
- 16 We can hope no healing hand,
Leprous quite throughout with sin.
Loath'd incurables we stand,
Crying out, *unclean, unclean*.
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear *Gethsemane*.
- 17 *Eden*, from each flow'ry bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe.
Soon, by *Satan's* counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death.
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich *Gethsemane*.

- 18 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft times with thy little train.
Here would'st keep thy private court :
Oh ! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me
Oft times to *Gethsemane*.
- 19 True ; I can t deserve to share
In a favour so divine.
But since sin first fix'd thee there,
None have greater sins than mine :
And to this my woeful plea
Witness thou, *Gethsemane*.
- 20 Sins against a holy God ;
Sins against his righteous Laws ;
Sins against his love, his blood ;
Sins against his name and cause ;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O *Gethsemane* !
- 21 Here's my claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need.
Deeds of righteousness I've none :
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me ;
Only in *Gethsemane*.
- 22 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart:
Thaw it with the beams of love :
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart.
Wound the heart, that wounded thee :
Melt it in *Gethsemane*.
- 23 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of Love,
Hymn'd by all the heav'nly host,
In thy shining courts above,
We poor sinners, gracious THREE,
Bless thee for *Gethsemane*.

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